

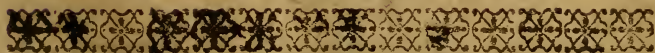


THE
POTENTALLY:
OR,
SUCCOURS from MERRYLAND.

Price 1 s. 6 d.



An extraordinary piece of literature, which I bought from Salted & Co.



Mr. Huntington, in his written report, he had made a mention of Merryland. A folio volume, due to the colony. W. H. B.



ADVERTISEMENT.

IT is thought proper to acquaint the Public, that from their kind Reception, a Fifth Edition is just printed of the *New Description of MERRYLAND*.

This *Potent Ally* will, we hope, be as candidly received; since, all that is expected from our Alliance is to chuse Members sufficiently qualified to do Service in that Country.

The *Description of BETTYLAND*, hereunto subjoined, was so named in Honour of *Q. Elizabeth*, and Written by that great Master of HUMOUR, *Charles Cotton*, Esq; Author of *Virgil* and *Lucian Traveste*, in the Year 1683.

The Allegory of this Piece is differently pursued, without the least Analogy to that of *MERRYLAND*; and what we here present is wholly *Celestial*, and mythologically applied to the Heathen Deities. The *Terrestrial Amours*, which conclude this Work, will shortly follow, if this meets with a Reception suitable to its Desert.

*Totus Mundus agit Fu*strionem.*



THE
POTENT ALLY:
 OR,
 SUCCOURS from MERRYLAND.
 WITH
 THREE ESSAYS in PRAISE of the
 CLOATHING of That COUNTRY;
 AND THE
 STORY of PANDORA'S BOX.

— *Cunus teterrima Belli*
Causa. —

HOR.

To which is added,

Ε Ρ Ω Τ Ο Π Ο Λ Ι Σ.

THE
 Present State of BETTYLAND.

LUCINA, useful Goddes, lend thine Aid,
 Thine is the Warehouse of the World's chief Trade,
 On thy soft Surface all Mankind were made. }

FISHBOURNE.

THE SECOND EDITION.



P A R I S,

Printed by Direction of the Author, and sold by the
 Bookfellers of London and Westminster, 1741.

ROBERT A. LEE

2nd Street, New York

on the 17th day of January 1829

of the County of New York

State of New York

in the County of New York

in the State of New York

in the County of New York

in the State of New York

in the County of New York

in the State of New York

in the County of New York

in the State of New York

in the County of New York

in the State of New York

Trust-Deed
Trust Fund
Jan. 17, 1829,
L.

TO THE
RIGHT HONOURABLE

Humphry Parsons, Esq;

(A second Time deservedly)

LORD-MAYOR of *London.*

MY LORD,

IT has been a Complaint from all Parties, that we have *Negotiated* ourselves into such a Condition, as to be quite destitute of *ALLIES*: This Opinion must be owing either to want of Consideration or to Malice; and it

B

is

DEDICATION.

is my Design, in this *Address*, to your Lordship, to prove we have still a very *natural* and *close Alliance* with a *strong* and *Potent-Country*; a *Country* always ready to *embrace* us, and which will never refuse to *unite* with us, while we *act with Vigour*, and behave as *Englishmen* should do.

It is surprising that none of our Political Writers, when they speak of our *Confederates*, have ever thought of this *more natural* and *sure ALLY*, but have overlooked it, as if it were insignificant, or of no Consequence.

To undeceive the Ignorant, there is lately composed a most elaborate Description

DEDICATION.

scription of that Country, * upon the *Strength* of whose Interest we may fully depend ; and whosoever reads it with Attention, must admit, that such an Alliance would be more valuable, and naturally of longer Duration, than any can be expected from our Neighbours on the Continent.

It is a Country famous for its *Love of Liberty*, and the *Struggles it has undergone* in preserving it : So successful has it been, that the *greatest Tyrant* was never able to *subdue it*, nor the *greatest Corruptor* to *destroy it* ; even *Machiavel* himself, were he now living, with all his most artful Adhe-

* See the *Description of MERRYLAND.*

DEDICATION.

rents, and *Instrumenta Regni*, to assist him.

It must be confessed however, that *Corruption* has crept into some Boroughs, but these are generally of the poorer Sort, and even then, the baneful Influence of it spreads so fast, that every Inhabitant has taken the utmost Pains to root it out; and the Corruptors themselves, however anxious to conceal their Wickedness, have made some Atonement, by their Readiness to *wipe off the Stains*, and rejecting the means of spreading the Infection. Thus the *Constitution* of the Country has escaped, tho' some Corporations have not been able to recover Their's.

MEMBERS

DEDICATION.

MEMBERS in this Country *support Themselves*, or are paid by the Boroughs who Chuse them, which is one of the best Means to prevent them from being Corrupted.

Places come from the same Quarter, and thereby give the greater Encouragement to Merit; and the QUEEN herself has *but ONE* to dispose of, and That is never given but to a *professed Lover of the Country*. The only way a *Minister* has to *gain Power* here, is to engross as many Boroughs as he possibly can; but such is the Native Vigour, such the Spirit of Liberty, that no Man hitherto has ventured to stand up for Absolute Power, or Sole Dominion: All Persons who have ever been in the Administration, have found it
most

D E D I C A T I O N.

most for their Interest, to be *Upright*,
Stedfast, and *Uncorrupted*. Happy had
it been for *Britain*, if its *Ministers*
thought their Interest the Same, and
the People as Cautious against *Corruption*
as they are in *MERRYLAND*.

This Country, My Lord, is perfectly
well known to your Lordship;
as you annually pay a Visit to our
Neighbours the *French* (who have
many Territories therein, more particularly
that remarkable District whose
Traffic they are so fond of, called
MERLETONIA.

As the Clothing Trade is the greatest
Part of its Commerce, your
Lordship will find the Inventor's Elogium

DEDICATION.

gium deservedly celebrated in the first Piece hereunto annexed, and I hope all the rest will afford your Lordship an agreeable Entertainment, which, without any mercenary View, is the sole Intention of

Your Lordship's

Most Obedient, and most devoted

*New Year's Day,
1741.*

Humble Servant,

PHILO-BRITANNIÆ.



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K I N Δ Y M O T E N I A .

T A L E .

FOR Arms to shield the *Phrygian* Knight,
In warm Encounters, vent'rous Figh

Her Cuckold, *Venus* coax'd one Day,

The Gipsy has a winning Way;

She press'd, he melted, she was blest;

Who would not melt when *Venus* prest?

The blended Ore now thrice had boil'd,

The Cavern smoak'd, the *Cyclops* toil'd;

Work of a God! the Arms appear,

Arms! might beseem a God to wear;

But which provided Mettle shewn,

The *Lemnian* King, or *Paphian* Queen,

Is still in doubt! ———

Though if we state the Matter fair,
The Wife had sure the most to spare;
And could you think it better done,
To make, than to preserve a Son?

But waving this — the Arms were wrought,
And to the *Trojan* Heroe brought,
With Joy, he took the wond'rous Boon,
Made a rough Scrape, and put 'em on;
For Soldiers then (unlike these now)
Knew better how to *Fight*, than *Bow*.

Thus far, all Matters went to please ye,
Venus was merry; *Vulcan* easy;
For he, unless inspir'd by Drinking,
Was not addicted much to Thinking;
But soon a solemn Feast ensu'd,
For which, much Nectar had been brew'd:

Jove's

Jove's Wedding-day (O Day of Thrall!)

And now the *Gods* were summon'd all

To meet, and tipple in his Hall.

Old *Vulcan* came among the rest,

To raise the Mirth, improve the Jest;

Too weak his Brains were for a Drinker,

Jove, therefore, wisely made him Skinker.

With Hand unsteady, Feet unsound,

And aukard Gait, he limp'd around.

'Twas *Dian's* Turn (a prudish Lads,

Who, spite of Thirst, would baulk her Glafs.)

You *Prudes* (quoth *Vulcan* half in Jest)

Refuse a good Thing, tho' home-prest——

Endymion once—come, make no Rout,

But take your Cup, or all shall out.

Here (whether thro' Effect of Guilt,

Or his rude Push) the Wine was spilt:

Her mantling Blood soon spoke her Ire,

Her glowing Cheeks; Eyes darting Fire;

For why? By double Motion pain'd,
Her *Rep*, and *Petticoat* were stain'd.

Hence! hammer Arms (cry'd she, thou Daftard)
For thy lewd Wife's vile *Trojan* Bastard —
I own indeed — so never fret —
'Tis Justice to repay a Debt;
And sure enough God *Mars*, and she,
Long since, a *Head-Piece* made for *Thee*;
He scold'd, *She* pouted, *Venus* maunder'd,
And all protested they were slander'd.
The Bowl was out, the Gods arise,
'Tis said, more *merry* too than *wife*;
And each, Salutes and Congees ended,
With Steps unsteady, homeward tended;
The moody *Vulcan* and his Bride
Together pace'd it Side by Side;
In Silence sad their Pace they steer,
(*He* dumb thro' Rage, *She* aw'd by Fear)

To *Lemnos-Isle* (a smoaky Place,
 Dire Enemy to beauteous Face)
 Arriv'd! his Anger long ypent,
 Now lab'ring upwards, gain'd a Vent——
 Must I for Brats!——but Talk is vain——
 Look, Madam, yonder stands your Chain.
 From Marriage-Vows so oft to trip——
 Here! *Polyphemus*! bring the Whip.——

But, stop, my Muse, nor be it name'd,
 How *Venus*' Body was profane'd;
 Those who would more, let them inquire
 Of that base Tribe, devoid of Fire;
 Who think to court their Goddess Grace,
 By Imitation of her Case;
 Wretches, with Passions gross, and dull,
 By Jilts and Bawds term'd *Flogging-Cull*.
 Suffice it, each their Weapon us'd,
She was well beaten, *He* abus'd:

But

But from that Day, with Iron fated,
 Its very Name's by *Venus* hated.
 Her Warriour's Valour, you may note,
 Lies feldom deeper than the Coat ;
 Captains of Blood, who scorn the Guilt,
 Nor e'er faw more of Sword than Hilt ;
 For thefe her Sons, without the Aid
 Of Spoufe, new *Armour* ſhe has made !
 Hence the old Churl's rejected Ware,
 His Brafs, and Steel, are banifh'd far ;
 Their Coat of Mail, the Gift of Love,
 Is foft, and pliant as a Glove ;
 The interceptive Shield they bear,
 Fit only too for Love to wear :
 On this, no Images are place'd,
 Of Ages present, Ages paſt ;
 The *Wolf-nurſt-Twins*, the Riſe of *Rome*,
 The raviſh'd *Sabines*, *Metius'* Doom,

Were

Were cautelously banish'd hence,
 Left the rough Surface damp the Sense:
 Its Colour, as you here may view,
 A dirty *Yellow*, bound with *Blue* ;
 Of Parent wave, from whence it came,
 Still mindful, the *Idalian* Dame,
 Ordains it shall all Sizes fit,
 Provided, that it first be wet ;
 And, when put off to End of Time,
 Should smell of *Fish*, and feel of *Slime*.

Safely the *well-cas'd Warriour* goes,
 Thro' Squadrons of the Goddess, Foes,
 The *Buboe*, *Cordee*, and *Phymosis*,
 The *Shanker*, *Ficus*, *Exostocis* ;
 (With all the numerous Store of Ills,
 St. *Thomas* cures, and *Drury* feels)
 Nor need when each, or all appear,
 Give back, or seem appall'd with Fear,

These

These Arms, preventive, render vain
Apollo, and his idle Train;
 By these defended, he lays by,
 Now useless grown, each old Ally:
Lint, *Syringe*, *Gally-Pot*, and *Pbial*,
 And, *Self-Protective*, stands the Trial.



THE
STORY
OF
PANDORA,

Translated from the *Latin* Original of

Claudius Quilletus,

BY

NICHOLAS ROWE, Esq;

WHEN first this Infant-World its Form
put on,

When Time and beauteous Order first begun,

And rich with native Grace, the New Creation
shone,

No wicked Iron Age, as yet, controul'd

The Lustre of the pure Primæval Gold;

Around Heaven's azure Arch serenely bright,

Unfollied shone the sparkling Gems of Light ;

D

No

No Fogs did then, no lazy Vapours rise,
 Nor with their dull Pollution stain the Skies;
 Thro' Heaven's wide Plains the glorious God of
 Day,

Prince of the Stars, unclouded held his Way;

While in her turn the Silver Queen of Night

Successive roll'd her limped Orb of Light;

The Mother Earth, adorn'd by what she bred,

With Rocks, Hills, Trees, with Fruits and

Flowers was spread,

And every living thing on her green Bosom fed;

The well digested Mass, untainted yet,

Did no rank Steams nor pois'nous Damps emit,

But healthy Spirits, breathing from the Ground,

Diffus'd their wholesome Fragrancies around:

'Twas then, in those good Times for ever blest,

That happy Man his Innocence possess'd;

When

When yet he had not learn'd, in Reason's Spight,
 Perverse to turn, and wander from the Right,
 Forfaking Heaven's reveal'd (and Nature's inborn)
 Light ;

Then holy Arts and Priestcrafts were not known,
 Religion then was simple, plain and one ;

Lust had not kindled then her guilty Flame,
 Ambition had not cheated Fools with Fame,
 Nor vex'd the World with Honour's angry Name ;

Nor was the Form of Man beneath his Soul,
 But equal, proper Beauties grace'd the Whole ;

Then *Temperance* just Goddeſs did prevail,
 And rightly held creating Nature's Scale,

Dispos'd the ſev'ral Parts with prudent Care,
 And form'd with nicest Symmetry the Fair ;

Then was the Reign of Beauty in Mankind,
 Then univerſal Empreſs, well ſhe join'd
 The faultleſs Body and the blameleſs Mind.

Soon as great *Jove*, from high *Olympus* Brow,
Beheld the sacred Harmony below,
Add we one Master-piece of Art he said,
Earth, Heaven, and all ye Gods afford your
Aid,
Your each Perfection join, and form one lovely
Maid.

He spoke, and strait obedient to his Word,
Each willing Species to the Work concurr'd.
The chrystal Orbs of *Æther* first prepare
The Limbs and Substance, for the future Fair,
While the Sun curl'd his Beams and hung 'em for
her Hair ;

Her Front like Marble smooth, like Lillies white,
Fair *Cynthia* luster'd o'er with Silver Light ;
Upon her Cheeks *Aurora* Roses spread,
And dy'd 'em in the Morning's brightest Red ;
Venus the sweetly charming Smile imprest,
And her soft Lips with balmy Pleasures blest ;
While

While *Love* the God himself o'er all the Mass,
 Dancing delightful shew'd his heavenly Face,
 Led on the laughing Joys, and every Sister Grace.
 Thus form'd, thus finish'd out the beauteous Whole,
 Creating *Jove* infus'd the living Soul;
 And since from every God the Graces came,
 He bad *Pandora* be the fair one's Name. †
 Then bending kindly down his gracious Look,
 Thus to the new-made Nymph th' Almighty Father
 spoke.

Daughter of Gods descend, thou Work divine,
 Vouchsafe on Earth, celestial Fair, to shine,
 Diffuse the Blessings of thy radiant Face,
 And chear the Labours of the mortal Race:
 For thus the Gods, thus *Jove's* high Will ordains,
 While Man his native Innocence retains,

† See the *Frontispiece* to the New Description of MERRYLAND.

Be thou his Bliss, his great Reward be thou,
 Thy full Perfection, Heaven's fair Pattern show,
 And teach him by thyself thy native Skies to
 know.

But oh! if Pity touch thy tender Breast,
 If for Mankind thy Care wou'd be express'd,
 Keep close this fatal Casket I bestow,
 Nor seek the Secrets lodg'd within to know:
 If thy frail Hand, too curious, shou'd incline
 To pry, and disobey the Will divine,
 Straightforth ten thousand winged Plagues shall fly,
 And scatter swift Contagion thro' the Sky;
 Thee too, thou fairest, shall the Ruin seize,
 Pain shalt thou feel, and languish with Disease;
 Deformity thy lovely Looks shall blast,
 And foul Pollution lay thy Beauties waste.

He said, and downward swift she bent her flight,
 To spread around on Earth, the Beams of Beauty's
 Light.

Nor

Not did she there with *Epimetheus* dwell,
 Shut up and cloister'd in a lonely Cell,
 As old *Greek* Tales of dreaming *Hesiod* tell:
 But bounteous of Delight and unconfin'd,
 She made the Blessing common to Mankind,
 Design'd a publick Good still passing on,
 On undistinguish'd Crowds alike she shone.

The stupid Herd with pleasing Dread amaz'd,
 Dumb with Attention, stood, and gladsome gaz'd,
 Some ravish'd with her Mien so graceful were,
 Some with the Ringlets of her amber Hair,
 Some with her Iv'ry Front, and Face so heav'nly
 fair.

From her each Part ambrosial Odours flow'd,
 And breath'd a balmy Blessing on the Crowd,
 While her bright Eyes (which scarce the Muse had
 told,
 Unless by sacred Inspiration bold)

With

With Light effulgent, darted forth a Ray,
 That chear'd Mankind, and made the World look
 Gay.

So when *Aurora*, in the rosy *East*,
 Lifts her fair Head, with radiant Honours drest,
 O'er Nature's Face a various Smile she spreads,
 And paints a-new the Fields and flow'ry Meads,
 Ten-thousand-colour'd Dyes her Beams unfold,
 The limpid Stream in silver Waves is roll'd,
 And all the Green-wood-shade is burnish'd o'er
 with Gold.

Such Beauty was, in our first Father's Time,
 While yet the youthful World was in its Prime ;
 The mingling Graces of the Sexes met,
 And full Perfection made the Form compleat ;
 While Man yet free from Avarice, or Pride,
 The Ways of Wickedness had never try'd,
 Nor warping from the Right, perversely turn'd aside.

But

But when pernicious Change invading spread,
 And Error blind mistaking Reason led,
 The swift Contagion reach'd the lovely Maid.

Pandora tainted by an impious Age,

Pursu'd each fond Desire, and each fantastic Rage :

Curious to know, the Box disturb'd her Rest,

Jove's hard Commands set heavy on her Breast,

And Woman, Woman the frail Nymph confess.

Resolv'd at length, whatever *Jove* forbid,

She eas'd her longing Mind, and broke the Lid :

When steaming, strait, a deadly Vapour rose,

Long Trains of waiting Plagues it did disclose,

Diseases, Miseries, and mortal Woes.

First the fell Poison seiz'd the curious Maid,

First on her Youth, her blooming Roses prey'd ;

Her Eyes no more their starry Fires could boast,

But dim and dull in cloudy Mists were lost ;

No Part was left untainted in the whole,

But all that once was fair, was loathsome now and

foul,

E

Nor

Nor stop'd the Ruin with the wretched Maid,
 But growing still, around diffusive stray'd;
 Error, Disease and Death, like Victors dread,
 Wide waſting, o'er the World, their Legions
 ſpread,
 And vanquiſh'd Minds and Bodies captive led.
 Hid in deep Shades benighted Reaſon lay,
 Shut from the Beams of Truth's ethereal Day.
 From that ſad *Æra* Ignorance begun,
 Thence a dull Train of doubting Ages run,
 And Beauty's ſacred Form remains unknown.



H O R A C E's I N T E G E R V I T Æ, &c.

Imitated and Applied to the

R A K E S of D R U R Y.

T O R I C H A R D T H O R N H I L L, E s q ;

By M r. R O W E.

I.

TH E Man, Dear Friend, who wears a C—m,
May scour the Hundreds round at random ;
Whether it please him to disport,
In *Wild-Street*, or in *Coulson's-Court* ;
He fears no Danger from the Doxies,
Laughs at their F * * * * *, and scorns their Poxes.

II.

In *Armour* clad, I ventur'd on, *Sir*,
A *Merleton*—a very Monster ;
A Whisker of such hideous Mien,
In *Whetstone's-Park* was never seen ;

Filthier

Filthier by far than *Darwentwater's*,
 And wider than *Tom Dingle's* Daughter's.

III.

Place me on some Infected Ground,
 Where none of either Sex is found ;
 Where All drench Diet-Drink, take Doses,
 And where the Ladies All want Noses ;
 There Sporting, I'll *Hippocrates* defy,
 And without *Galen's* Help, both live and die.

F I N I S.



ARMOUR.

A N

Imitation of the Splendid SHILLING.

***** *Hænos erit huic quoque* ***** Virg.

By the Reverend Mr. KENNET, Son of the
late Bishop of *Peterborough*.

O ALL ye NYMPHS, in lawless Love's Disport
Affiduous ! whose ever open Arms
Both Day and Night stand ready to receive
The fierce Assaults of *Britain's* Am'rous Sons !
Whether in Golden Watch and stiff Brocade
You shine in Play-House or the Drawing-Room
Whores thrice Magnificent ! Delight of KINGS,
And *Lords* of goodliest Note ; or in mean Stuffs
Ply ev'ry Evening near St. CLEMENT's Pile,*
Or Church of fame'd St. DUNSTAN, † or in Lane,
Or Alley's dark Recess, or open Street,

* *St. Clement's Church in the Strand.*

† *St. Dunstan's Church in Fleet-Street.*

Known by White-apron, bart'ring Love with Cit,
 Or stroling Lawyer's Clerk at cheapest Rate;
 Whether of ** *Blyer's* or of ** *Heywood's* Train,
 Hear, and Attend: in C — m's mighty Praise
 I sing, for sure 'tis worthy of a Song. †
 VENUS assist my Lays; Thou who presidest
 In City-Ball or Courtly-Masquerade,
 Goddess supreme! sole Auth'ress of our Loves,
 Pure and Impure! whose Province 'tis to rule
 Not only o'er the chaster Marriage-Bed,
 But filthiest Stews, and Houses of kept Dames!
 * To Thee I call, and with a friendly Voice,
 C — m's I sing: by C — m's now secure
 Boldly the willing Maid, by Fear awhile
 Kept virtuous, owns thy Pow'r, and tastes thy Joys
 Tumultuous; Joys untasted but for them.
 Unknown big Belly, and the squawling Brat,
 Best Guard of Modesty! She Riots now
 Thy Vot'ry, in the Fullness of thy Bliss.

** *Two noted Bawds, near Covent-Garden.*

† *Carmina digna D. a. certe est Dea Carmina digna. Ovid.*

* *To thee I call, but not in friendly Voice. Devil in Milton.*

Happy the Man, who in his Pocket keeps,
 Whether with *Green* or *Scarlet* Ribbon bound,
 A well made C — m. — He, nor dreads the Ills
 Of *Shankers* or *Cordee*, or *Buboes* Dire!
 Thrice happy He — for when in lewd Embrace
 Of Transport-feigning Whore, Creature obscene!
 The cold insipid Purchase of a Crown!
 Bless'd Chance! Sight seldom seen! and mostly giv'n
 By *Templar*, or *Oxonian* — Best Support
 Of *Drury*, and her starv'd Inhabitants;
 With C — m arm'd he wages Am'rous Fight
 Fearless, secure; nor Thought of future Pains,
 Resembling Prick of Pins and Needle's Point,
 E'er checks his Raptures, or disturbs his Joys:
 So *Ajax*, *Grecian* Chief, with Seven-fold Shield,
 Enormous! brave'd the *Trojan's* fiercest Rage:
 While the hot daring Youth, whose giddy Lust
 Or Taste too exquisite, in Danger's Spite,
 Resolves upon FRUITION, unimpair'd
 By intervening Armour, C — m hight!
 Scarce three Days past, bewails the dear-bought Bliss,

For now tormented sore with *scalding Heat*
Of Urine, dread Fore-runner of a *Clap* !
 With Eye repentant, he surveys his Shirt
 Diversify'd with Spots of yellow Hue,
 Sad Symptom of ten thousand Woes to come !
 Now no Relief, but from the Surgeon's Hand,
 Or Pill-prescribing-Leach, * tremendous Sight
 To Youth diseas'd ! In Garret high he moans
 His wretched Fate, where vex'd with nauseous
Draughts

And more afflicting *Bolus*, he in Pangs
 Unfelt before, curses the dire Result
 Of lawless Revelling ; from Morn to Eve
 By never-ceasing keen *Emetics* urg'd ;
 Nor Oights he now his Grannum's Sage Advice :
 Nor feels he only but in Megrim'd Head,
 Head fraught with Horror — Child of Sallow Spleen,
 Millions of idle Whims and Fancies dance
 Alternate, and perplex his labouring Mind.
 What erst he has been told of sad Mischance
 Either in *Pox* or *Clap*, of falling Nose,

* An old Word for Doctor.

Scrape'd Shins, and *Buboes*' Pains, of vile Effect !
 All feels the Youth, or fancies that he feels.
 Nay, be it but a *Gleet*, or gentlest *Clap*,
 His ill-foreboding Fears deny him Rest,
 And fancied Poxes vex his tortur'd Bones ;
 Too late convince'd of C — m's Sov'reign Use.

Hail, *Manes* of Love-propagating Pimp !
 Long since deceas'd, and long by me adore'd ;
 From whose prolific Brain, by lucky Hit,
 Or Inspiration from all-gracious Heaven,
 First sprang the mighty Secret ; Secret to guard
 From Poison virulent of unsound Dame.
 Hail, happy *Albion*, in whose fruitful Land
 The wondrous MAN *arose, from whose strange Skill
 In inmost Nature, Thou hast reap'd more Fame,
 More solid Glory, than from *NEWTON*'s Toil ;
NEWTON who next is *England*'s noblest Boast :
 If aught I can presage, as *Smyrna* once,

* Colonel *Condom* was the Inventor of What is vulgarly called a C — m, alias ARMOUR, by the Girls of the Town, and who generally carry this *Defence* about them, at 1 s. each.

Chios and *Colophon*, and *Rhodian-Isle*,
 Famous for vast *Coloss*; and *Argos* fair,
 And *Salamis*, well known for *Grecian* Fight
 With Mighty *XERXES*; and the Source of Arts,
 High *Athens*! long contended for the Praise
 Of *HOMER*'s Birth-Place, blind, egregious Bard!
 In after Times, so shall with warm Dispute
Europa's rival Cities proudly strive,
 Ambitious each of being deem'd the Seat
 Where *CONDONAMUS* first drew vital Air,

Too cruel Fate — Partial to human Race —
 To us Propitious — But O hard Decree!
 Why, why so long in Darksome Womb of Night
 Dwelt the profound Arcanum, late reveal'd;
 Say I not rather why, ye Niggard Stars,
 Are not your Blessings given unpall'd with Ill,
 And Love, your greatest Blessing, free from Curse,
 Curse of Disease! How many gallant Youths

Have

Have fallen by the Iron Hand of Death,
 Untimely, immature ; As if to love,
 Your everlasting Purpose, were a Crime.
 But O ye Youths born under happier Stars,
Britannia's chiefest Hopes ! upon whose Cheeks
 Gay Health sits smiling, and whose nervous Limbs
 Sweet Ease, her Offspring fair ! invigorates,
 Unbrace'd as yet by foul *Contagion*,
Fav'rites of *Fortune* ! let th' unhappy Lot
 Of others, teach you timely to beware ;
 That when replete with Love, and spurn'd by Lust,
 You seek the *Fair-One* in her Cobweb Haunts,
 Or when allure'd by Touch of passing Wench,
 Or caught by Smile insidious of the Nymph
 Who in Green-Box, at Play-House, nightly haunts,
 And fondly calls thee to Love's luscious Feast,
 You cautious stay awhile, till fitly *Arm'd*
 With C — *m* Shield, at *RUMMER* * best supply'd,
 Or never-failing *ROSE*, * so may you thrum

* *Two famous Taverns of Intrigue, near Covent-Garden.*

Th' extatic

Th' extatic Harlot, and each joyous Night
 Crown with fresh Raptures; till at last unhurt
 And sated with the Banquet, you retire.

By me *forewarn'd* thus may you ever tread
Love's pleasing Paths in blest *Security*.



SITUATION *of* BETTYLAND.

TH E Country of *Bettyland* is a *Continent* adjoining to the *Isle of Man*, having the *Island of Man* wholly under its *Jurisdiction*. It is of so large an Extent, that it spreads itself thro' All Degrees whatsoever; but the chiefest Degrees which are known to those who travel, are from 16 to 45 both of *Southern* and *Northern* Latitude: They who steer by the Rules of *Compass* shall never know the Dimensions of it. The Planet which rules it, is *Venus*, though some aver that it lies All within the Tropic of *Capricorn*; but for that *Constellation* which is called *Virgo*, there are very few of the Inhabitants of this Country can endure to hear it named; they wonder what that lusty Planet the *Sun* can have to do with it.

In this vast Empire of *Bettyland*, there are several very large Provinces, as the Province of *Rutland*, wherein stands the *Metropolis* of the whole Empire called *Pego*, the great Province of *Bedford*, the wide Province of *Wiltshire*, the Province of *Guelderland* very little inhabited, the Province of *Slaveonia*, the Province of *Curland*, the Province of *Mal-*

davia, famous for the great City of *Lipsick*, the vast Territory of *Croatia*, with the Province of *Holland*, a mighty Tract of Land under the Command of Count *Horn*, with many others too long to repeat. There was formerly a certain Promontory or Neck of Land lying in this Country, called the *Cape of Good-Hope*, but Time has so utterly defaced it, that there is hardly any sign thereof now remaining.

Of the SOIL of this Country.

The Temperature of the Soil is as various as you may imagine any Climate to be, that lies under so many far distant *Meridians*, sometimes so Cold (especially when it feels the refreshing Influences of Wealth and Youth decay) that Winter is more kind; nay, the very Hearts of the People will be frozen, and a Cart loaden with whole Canon may go over the streams of their former Affection, nothing but Ice of Disdain, Hail-stones of Malice, and most bitter Storms of Reproach: Sometimes so Hot again, that a Man had better be let down in a Basket at the great Hole of Mount *Ætna*, than travel in some Parts of the Country; but touch it sometimes, and you shall lose a Member: It is worse than St. *Innocent's* Church-yard in *Paris*, which consumes dead carcases in twenty-four hours, for if a man make a Hole in some Part of the Mold, and put but an Inch of his Flesh in, it will raise such a Flame in his Body, as would make him think

think *Hell* to be upon *Earth*: to say truth, the Nature of the Soil is very strange, so that if a Man do but take a Piece of it in his Hand, it will cause (as it were) an immediate *Delirium*, and make a Man fall flat on his Face upon the Ground, where if he have not a care, he may chance to lose a Limb, swallowed up in a Whirl-pit, not without the Effusion of the choicest Part of the Blood: But for Tillage the Soil is so proper, and so delightful it is to manure, that be it fruitful, or be it barren, Men take the greatest Pleasure in the world to plow it and sow it; nay, there are some who take it for so great a Pastime, that they will give 1000 *l.* and some 2000 *l.* a Year for a little Spot in that Country, not so big as the Palm of your Hand. Herein it is of a different Nature from all other Soils, for though it be fertile enough, yet after you have sufficiently plowed it and sown it, it requires neither showers nor the dew of Heaven, nor puts the Husbandman to the Trouble of Prayers for the Alteration of Weather; yet if the Husbandman be not very careful to tend it and water it himself every Night, once or twice a Night, as they do *Marjoram* after Sun-set, he will find a great deal of Trouble all the Year long; tho' there be a sort of Philosophers who understand the Nature of the Soil very well, who say that this kind of Husbandry is unnatural and very inconvenient for the Soil, and that it were far better for a provident Husbandman to have Three or Four or half a do-

zen Farms one under another, than to spend so much Time, Toil and Labour altogether in vain, for thereby many times the Crop comes to nothing, and though it may be very well got off the Ground, and seem fair for the time, yet when you think to have the Benefit of it, you shall see it afterwards come to nothing, and moulder away like a rotting *Orange*. If the Soil be barren, all the Dunging in the world will never do it any good, yet the more barren it is, the more will the Soil cleave and gape for Moisture, the Sands of *Arabia* are not so thirsty; if the Soil prove fruitful, they then so overstock it with variety of Flowers and Colours, so tire out Art with Inventions to beautify Nature, that when Winter comes there is hardly a Leaf left to cover the Ground. As to the Colour of the Soil, you shall have it very much vary, for in some Places you shall meet with a Sandy Mould, which is generally very rank and very hot in its Temperature, so that it requires the greatest Labour of all to manure it; sometimes you shall light upon a kind of a *White* Chalk or marly kind of a Soil, not so difficult to manure, and besides, the Heart of the Ground will be soon eaten out; sometimes you meet with a Brown Mould, which is of two sorts, either *light* Brown, or *dark* Brown. Husbandmen generally take great delight in manuring either of these, for the Air is there generally wholesome, and not

so much annoyed with Morning and Evening Fogs and Vapours as the former; besides that, the Husbandman shall be sure to have his penny-worth out of them, for they will seldom lie fallow; take which you will, but if you meet with a *Black-Soil*, be sure you take short Leases, and sit at an easy Rent, lest your Back pay for the Tillage, for you must labour there Night and Day, and all little enough: To tell you the truth, chuse which of them you will, it is a cursed expensive thing to manure any of them *all* according as the Soil requires, especially in the Northern Parts of the Country, where the generality of the Husbandmen seem to have forfeited their Discretion in this Particular, as if the very Air of the Soil in those Parts had a kind of bewitching Charm to deprive them of their Senses. These Soils, if they prove very fruitful indeed, shall sometimes bring you Three Crops at a time, sometimes Two, but generally One; a strange sort of Harvest, for it consists chiefly in *Mandrakes*, they bring forth both *Male* and *Female*, which are very tender when they appear first above ground, and must be tended more diligently than *Musk-Melons* in Cold weather, but if they overcome their first Tenderness, they grow as hardy as Burdocks, and will over-run a Country like *Jerusalem-Artichokes*. These *Mandrakes* are very much esteemed by the generality of Husbandmen, who do very much lament the Loss of their Crop, which
many

many times miscarries after it is come out of the Earth, for it is very often blasted, and sometime (through the Carelesness of idle Husbands their Maid Servants) swept out of doors, and thrown into Houses of Office, where (though *Man's Dung* be counted the best of all Dungs) these Plants will never thrive afterwards: Those Husbandmen who delight in Gardens, find many Flowers there, growing very agreeable to the Nature of every one of the foregoing Soils; among the rest, they bear *Batchelors-Buttons* very familiarly, there is also great store of * *Love lies a bleeding*, but above all *sweet Williams*, and * *Tickle me quickly* are to be found there, in great abundance; sometimes (though very rarely here and there) you may find some few slips of *Patience*, *Flower-Gentle*, and *Hearts-ease*, but *Rue* grows up and down as thick as *Grass* in *Ireland*; there are also great quantities of *Time*, but the People of the Country slightly esteem it, and make very little use of it.

Of their FOWL, BEASTS, FISH, &c.

FOWL they have in great plenty, but above all, the most infinite flights of *Wagtails* that ever were seen in any Country in the World. *Beasts* they have none but what are Horned, except the *Hare* and *Coney*, but these are enough to stock the Country, were it as large again as it is.

* Two SONGS much in Vogue during the Reign of King *Charles II.*

There

There is but *one* great River to water the whole Land, besides two standing Pools, which they can, upon any Occasion, let out and drown all the Country, which is the Reason they have very few *Fish*, but infinite Numbers of *Crabs*; *Carps* are grown so common, they are hardly worth taking notice of, and indeed there is little Need of *Fish*, for the Husbandmen being given to Labour, have good Stomachs, and are altogether for *Flesh*.

Its PROSPECT.

The whole Country of *Bettyland* shews you a very fair Prospect, which is yet the more delightful, the more naked it lies; it makes the finest Landscapes in the World, if they be taken at the full Extent; and many of your rich Husbandmen will never be without them hanging at their Bed-sides, especially they who have no Farms of their own, merely that they may seem to enjoy what they have not: Some there are who so really believe they possess the Substance by the Sight of the Shadow, that they fall to till and manure the very Picture with such Strength of Imagination, that it is a hundred Pounds to a Penny they do not spoil it with their Instruments of Agriculture: Others never so lazy, or never so tired before, upon the Sight of one of these Landscapes, shall revive again, and go as fresh and lusty to their Labour as if they never had been weary. I could wish these Customs were
left

left off, of hanging these Landscapes by the Husbandmen's Bed-sides, for the Consequences thereof are very mischievous, seeing that it causes them to desire and covet one another's Farms with that Eagerness, as if they were in open Hostility with the *Tenth Commandment*; so that where they cannot get the Prospect itself, they will have a Landscape, and occupy one another's Estate in Conceit: In a Word, the Prospect of *Bettyland* is so grateful, so pleasing to the Eye, that the Country would be over-run with Inhabitants, had not wise Nature put a Stop to that Extravagancy which she foresaw in Man by the Badness of the Air, which is universally not so delicious in any Region of *Bettyland*, as it is in *Arabia Fælix*; for neither in Spring-time, which is the Season whereof we now discourse, nor in Summer-time, can the Air be very much commended, especially if the Wind be any thing high, which has made many Men admire why the Poets should be such Lyers and Sycophants to talk as they do; for some have not stuck to affirm that the Perfumes of *Bettyland* are beyond all the Odours of the East; which how true it is, I will appeal to the very Noses of the Poets themselves, who I know are as well skilled in the Country of *Bettyland* as any Husbandmen in the World; nor can any Body have the Confidence to contradict what I say, that shall stay but a Quarter of an Hour in any Place where the

Threshers

Threshers have been lately at work. This was the Reason that the Poets would never let the Gods (who were as great Farmers as ever lived in *Bettyland*) lie upon any other Beds than Beds of *Roses*; and always per-fumed the Air as they went with the richest Odours they could think of: But in the Winter and Autumn Seasons there is no enduring the Country; the Prospect is not worth one Farthing, the Ways grow deep and rugged, the Land grows Barren; there is little or no Pleasure in Tilling the Ground, and the Un-wholesomness of the Air increases, which is very bad for those that hold their Farms by long Leases; yet so severely are some Husband-men tied by their Leases, especially in the Northern Parts of this Country, that there is no avoiding them; yet some there are who will, for all that, privately hire a New-Farm, perhaps such a-one where neither Spade or Dibble entered before, and then they let the old one lie fallow; wherein if they act cautiously, they may do well enough; but if the Landlord of the Old Farm come to know of it, and sue upon the Covenant of the Old Lease, God bless us! you would think Heaven and Earth were going together, you would swear all the *Lapland* Witches were exercising their Sorceries in *Bettyland*; such Storms, such Tempests, such Thunder, such Lightning, such Apparitions, enough to scare the poor Plow-jogger out of his wits: by-and-by

the Landlady enters upon the New Farm in the Devil's Name, tears down all before her, makes such a Disfigurement of the Prospect, and digs up the very Surface of the Soil itself with so much Indignation, Havock and Destruction, that you would think her to be quite raving mad; yet there shall be no *Impeachment* of Waste against her, so strictly is the Husbandman bound by the *Covenants* of his *Lease* and nonsensical *Custom of the Country*, at which time if ye chance to tell any of these *Landladies* of the *Civil-Law*, they'll presently spit in your Face.

Obstinacy of the People.

Can you change the Nature of the Soil? no more can you change the Nature of the Husbandmen, for tho' you thrust Nature back with a Fork, she will push forwards again: if they manure their Farms well, and you see the Fields full and fair, and swelling with Grain, if they make them bear their Crops in Season, what is it to you how many Farms they have, how long or how little they hold them, especially when there are so many gaping after Reversions? Were it in a Country where there are more Farmers than Farms, I grant you there were some Reason for what you say; but every Man of Reading knows that *Bettyland* is a Country where there are Ten Farms for One Farmer, and it is great pity

pity that any *Farm* should lie *fallow* for want of *manuring*. Now when one Farmer takes one Farm for Pleasure, another for Profit, that Farmer takes *two*; when another Farmer takes one Farm for Profit, another for Pleasure, and another upon good liking, he takes *three*; and so all the Farms come to be occupied: As for being *Tenants at Will*, and so leaving their Farms when they will, it is not a farthing matter, for let one Husbandman leave a Farm to Day, another will take it to Morrow; on the other side, you must consider, that tho' a Husbandman have one, two, or three Farms to himself, yet there is no Farmer in *Bettyland* can inclose his own Ground all the Year long by the *Custom of the Country*, but that, from *Lammas* to St. Paul's-tide, it must lie *common* for the Benefit of his Neighbours, which is allowed in Law, and is called *Common* because of Neighbourhood: nay, more than that, there is hardly a Farm in *Bettyland*, where there is not some Ground that lies *common all the Year long*; so that if the poor Husbandman had not some private Inclosures to rely on, his Case were the worst Case of all the Cases in the world: to say truth, there is so much Common in *Bettyland*, that a Husbandman is not to be blamed to get as much Inclosure as he can: and more than this, when the Ground begins once to lie *common*, it receives all the Beasts in Nature, not ex-

cepting *Swine*, *Geese* and *Goats*, which all other Commons admit not of.

GAME of the Country.

The whole Country of *Bettyland* lies very low, which is the reason that there is hardly a Farm in any Part of it without a *Decoy*; nor is the Cunning of the *Decoy-Ducks* less notorious, for they exceed all other *Decoy-Ducks* in Wiles and Subtilty. There is not a *Widgeon* in all the Country but has a *Decoy-Duck* to wait upon him, and they lay their Trains so artfully, that it is impossible to escape them; and as they are very cunning, so they are very cruel, for they never get a *Gull* into their *Decoy*, but they pull off all his Feathers: these *Decoys* are some of them Natural, some Artificial; there is not a pin to chuse betwixt them, for they are both plaguy devouring things, and clear all the Country before them, of whatever Game they seek after. *Orpheus* in his *Argonautics*, speaking of a great *Decoy-Duck* in his time (which the People of *Bettyland* called by the name of *CIRCE*) says that she was so curiously set out ἐκ δαρχὶ πάντες δάμλεον εἰσορῶντες. That all Men admired her that beheld her, and were so stupified with the sight of her Gaiety that they could make no Resistance against her; for, adds the same Author, ἀπὸ κρατος γὰρ εἰδείρα ——— πορσαῖς ἀκτινεῖν ἀλὶς κιοὶ ἠώρητο, her Golden Feathers shone like the Sun-beams. Nor do they cry

cry like other *Ducks*, for they have most delicate Voices, and can sing far beyond any *Nightingales*.

There is no Country in the world that has *Decoy-Ducks* like *Bettyland*, being a Rarity no where else to be found : were there not so many of them, you would verily take them to be *Phœnixes*, for they are many times burnt in their own Nests. This *Decoy-Duck* called *CIRCE* had like to have spoiled us *two* of the best Stories we have extant ; *Homer's ULYSSES*, and *Virgil's ÆNEAS*, for this very *Duck* had like to have drawn the two great *Heroes* of the world, *Ulysses* and *Æneas*, into the *Decoys* of *Bettyland*, to the ruin of all the Projects of the very *GODS* themselves.

There was another *Decoy-Duck* no less famous than the former, which was called *MEDÆA*, a damn'd mischievous *Bird*, tho' for the Beauty of her Wings said to be the *SUN'S Grand-child* : for whatever Game she gets into her *Decoy*, she utterly ruins ; and therefore *Nicander*, a great Farmer in *Bettyland*, and the High-Constable's Fellow for Knowledge of the Country. gives his Fellow-Husbandmen very good Caution, for saith he ———

Ἦν δὲ τὸ Μνδεῖνς Κολχνίδος ἐκθόμενον πῦρ---
If a poor Husbandman comes to be trapped into one of her Decoys,

————— ἔ παρὰ χεῖλην ———
Δευομένε δυσάλυκτος ἰάπταται ἐνδοθι κρέθρος—
the

the poor Widgeon had better a thousand times have fallen into the Poulterer's hands.

From these two famous *Decoy-Ducks*, have the whole Brood of *Bettyland* learnt all their Wiles and cunning Tricks, and if any thing of Nature be wanting, they have all their Knick-knacks, all their Postures, Gestures, Trickings and Trimmings imaginable to help Nature; for they know as well as can be, how weakly those Avenues to the Understanding (the *Eyes* and *Ears*) are guarded, and therefore they chiefly lay their Trains there: if they see a *Widgeon* or a *Gull* pass by, they will spread their Tails like so many *Peacocks*, and set the poor silly *Birds* a staring like so many *Country Bumpkins* at a Coronation. By-and-by comes a Flight of *Dotterels*, and then they set up their Throats and sing; and sing and fly, and fly and sing; so that the *foolish-Fowl*, bewitcht with their *Quail-pipes*, follow their *Bird-calls* to whatever Inconveniences they are minded to carry them into. Some are of opinion, that it is an easy thing to avoid these *Decoys*: but how can that be, when we find that both *Ulysses* and *Æneas* were forced to have some GOD or other always tied to their Tails to keep them out of harm's way? Some there are indeed, who, by dint of main Prudence escape the Danger, but for one of these there are a thousand others who have nothing but their dear-bought Experience to preserve them: And for one of these, Ten Thousand
more

more that will suffer themselves to be *Decoyed* twenty times over, till they have not one Feather to cover their Tails ; for the Nature of these *Decoys* is such, that tho' they feed a simple Husbandman (who all the while neglects the manuring of his Own Farm) with such Pleasure and Content, yet they consume and waste both Body and Purse most desperately and insensibly : desperately, because injurably ; insensibly, because the silly Husbandman, wallowing in present Delight, neither consults or minds approaching Misfortune : yet if a *Gull* or a *Dotterel*, or a *Widgeon*, have a mind to be revenged upon a *Decoy-Duck* that has been too cunning for him, there is a way to do it, by setting another *Decoy-Duck* upon Her.

Thus when the *Decoy-Duck Medea* would have *Decoyed* the greatest Farmer in all *Bettyland* (even *Jupiter* himself) *Juno*, who was *Jupiter's Decoy-Duck*, took and wrung off her Neck; and surely *Juno* served her well enough for a proud Quinstrel as she was, that spent all the morning in laying her Nets, if we may believe *Apollonius Rhodius*, another great Farmer in *Bettyland*, who describes her,

— αλως νομι' ἐνι καρη ἐμπαιδ' οὖν ἔσαν.

Trimming and pruning her Feathers by the Seaside, that is to say, sitting before a great Looking-Glass in her Smock-sleeves, with her Hair dishevelled, and her Neck and Breasts bare, expecting the coming of the great Farmer

Farmer *Jupiter*; but *Juno* prevented them both, as you have heard: so much for the Decoys of *Bettyland*.

Of the ANTIQUITY of this Country.

For the Antiquity of the Country we need not go far to search it out: no sooner was there any Light delivered to the World by Letters, but the first Discovery which was made, was that of *Bettyland*: what it was before may be easily conjectured, but in the time of the *Greek* and *Roman* POETS, it was a flourishing Kingdom even in Heaven it self, containing all that large Tract which was in *Greek* called *Οὐρανός*: nay, even *Cælus* himself, from whom Heaven was called *Cælum*, was a Farmer in that Country, and so great a Husbandman, so great and so industrious a Manurer of his Farms, that *Orpheus* calls him *Οὐρανὸν παγγενέτωρα*, *universal Propagater*: And by the *Latin* Poet he is said

————— *Fæcundis Imbribus*

*Conjugis in Gremium lætæ descendere. **

And how he stockt the World with *Mandrakes*, you may easily read in *Hesiod*, who in his *Theogony* wrote of the *Celestial Agriculture*, as *Markham* among us wrote of *Terrestrial Husbandry*.

Saturn also was a great Husbandman in the *Celestial Part* of *Bettyland*, and because he

* To drop down into the Lap of his transported Consort, in prolific Showers.

lived

lived upon his Means, was therefore said to eat his Own Children: But for *Jupiter*, he was certainly the greatest Husbandman that ever was in the whole World, for he had Farms in both *Bettylands*, and was so industrious and so indefatigable in Manuring and Tilling them, that he left no Stone unturned of which he could make any Advantage: And therefore *Aratus*, who was a kind of an Almanack Maker to the Celestial Farmers, says of him with a great deal of Flattery, —
 μεταί δὲ Δίος πασαί μιν ἀγῆαι, Πασαί δ' αἰ-
 θρώπων ἀγοραί μεσὴ δὲ θαλάσσα—και λιμένες,
 so that there was not a public High-way, not a Market-place in all the Country which he left unploughed: Nay, the very *Sea, Rivers* and *Lakes* were full of his *Husbandry*; by that you may guess that he left a great Stock behind him. The same Poet seems also to intimate that he was the Founder (as much as we say *Jupiter* was the first Husbandman in the World) of *Bettyland*, as *Nimrod* was the Founder of the *Babylonish* Empire; for saith he in the beginning of his Poem, a *Jove Principium*. *Apollonius* gives us a notable Character of him:

Κεῖνω γὰρ αἰεὶ ταθε ἔργα μέμνηεν

Ἦ σὺν ἀθανάταις ἢ δὲ θεῶσιν ἰάνειν.

He had at all times a Regard to the Happiness as well of the Mortal as the Immortal. He was so great a Husbandman that there was not a Farm either in the Terrestrial or

D

Celestial

Celestial *Bettyland*, but he would be thrusting his *Spade* into it; to tell the Truth, all the Poets Fables concur to shew you the Original, Increase, and vast Extent of the Country of *Bettyland*; such are the Stories of *Cælus*, *Jupiter*, *Saturn*, *Venus*, *Priapus*, *Adonis*, *Bacchus*, *Aristius*, (too long to repeat) all great Husbandmen, who kept their Ploughs going Day and Night. As to the Terrestrial *Bettyland*, what think you of that most applauded Farmer *Hercules*? who so many Ages ago Ploughed and Sowed 50 large Farms in one Night: what Havock, what Killing and Slaying of the poor *Grecians*, what a Destruction of Unhappy *Troy*, and all for one unhappy Farm * belonging to that City *Menelaus* laid Claim to! What think ye of *Demosthenes*, who so many Years since gave for the Possession of a small Farm, lying about *Athens*, only for one Night, as *Gellius* records, above Three Hundred Pounds.

In what a flourishing Condition was the Country of *Bettyland* in the time of *Menander*, *Aristophanes*, *Anacreon*, *Plautus*, *Terence*, *Tibullus*, *Ovid*, *Martial*, and *Petronius*, who all wrote of the Husbandry and Tillage of their Times? In the Infancy of the World, *Priapus* had so Ingrossed all the Farms in the Country *Lampsacus*, a Fair Territory of *Bettyland*, by Reason of the unusual Activity, Largeness and Strength of his *Plough*, that

* H E L E N.

the

the Countrymen conspired against him for Monopolizing their Livings. I might insist longer upon the Antiquity of *Bettyland*, but that I am apt to believe there is no Man so simple to question it. They may as well deny the *Sun*, who was no sooner made, but he fell to Tilling and Cultivating the vast and most Immense Fields of Nature; for the whole Region of *Bettyland* holds of Nature as her chief Sovereign and Empress, and the *Sun* as her sole Steward to gather her Quit-Rents, provide Tenants, and lett Livings; and therefore if you come to any Farmer in *Bettyland*, and ask him how he came to take such Affection to the Husbandry of that Country, he will make Answer presently, it is natural to him: And for any Soil to bear that Seed which is proper for it, That all the World knows to be Natural. Now as to the Force of Nature's Impulse, I shall say more when I come to the Religion of the Country. Seeing then it is the Impulse of Nature that moves the Husbandmen of *Bettyland* to take upon them that Toil and Labour which they undergo Night and Day, should they be blamed for what they cannot avoid? rather there ought a way to be found out for the Encouragement of these Moilers and Toilers; for tho' all Men are prone to be Drudges in *Bettyland*, yet the Husbandry of the Country is quite out of Order; there is no Method at all observed amongst them; a most won-

derful Thing, that in so vast a Country and so long Continuance, there never yet was found any Region wherein the Husbandry of *Bettyland* was so exactly ordered, as in that small Part of it which was once called *Centilepa*, for it is observed in that Part of *Bettyland*, the Price of Farms ran always very low; the only Way to restore the Decay of *Bettyland* Husbandry: therefore we read of one very rich Farmer there, who bought a very fair Farm in that Country for 30 Changes of Raiment, and of another great Farmer who bought a Royal-Farm in the same Place for 100 Fore-skins; a very inconsiderable Price, considering what poor Farmers are forced to give now a-days.

The Druids in the Island of *Britannia*, a very large Part of *Bettyland*, aimed at this very thing when they Entailed their Lands upon their *Male-Mandrakes*; had they Entailed their Substance in Money as well as in Land, they had hit the Mark: It is admirable, that in a Country of so much Freedom as *Bettyland* is, and Governed by Constitutions so far different from other Countries, Landlords should be so egregiously led astray, to give such vast Sums of Money to put off their Farms, though ever so Fruitful, or ever so Flourishing: For the *Muck* of Portions, though it be spread ever so thick upon a *Bettyland* Farm, avails nothing to the Fertility thereof; rather it is the greatest Inconvenience in the
World

World to a *Bettyland* Farmer, for he understanding that there lies a *Silver* or a *Gold-Mine* in such a Farm, or such an *Hesperian-Orchard* is laden with *Golden Apples*, will have at them by Hook or by Crook, let them be watched ever so carefully by those *She-Dragons* called *Boarding-School-Mistresses*; besides that, if they had 1000 Eyes, there is a Way to lay those *She-Argus's* asleep: And when all comes to all, neither *Orchat* nor Farm are agreeable to his Mind, or fit for Tillage; nay, many times the Ground proves Barren, Marshy, Unwholsome, Rank, and Mountainous; so that there is no Profit nor Pleasure in Manuring or Dressing it: Whereas if those Allurements lay not before the Eyes of the Husbandman, he would chuse the most Delightful Prospects, the most fruitful Soils; and the Substance of the Country being contracted into the Hands of the Husbandmen only, would make the Farmers more able to maintain their Husbandry; then you should hear none of those common Complaints of Landlords, by Reason of their Farms lying upon their Hands; nay, you should not see an indifferent Farm in all the Country of *Bettyland* lie waste and ruinous for want of Tillage: Whereas now how many fair delicate fruitful Soils lie fallow? How many beautiful Orchats lie undrest, because they either want *Silver-Mines*, or are not laden with *Golden-Apples*. Another great Discouragement to the

the Husbandry of *Bettyland* is this, that the extreme Folly of the Husbandmen themselves is not some way restrained; for they having obtained a rich Farm, doat upon it with so much Vanity, that they spend more Labour and Cost upon one Farm, than would serve to maintain 40 good Farms in full Heart: so that divide a Farmer's whole Substance in 6 Parts, he shall waste and consume 5 Parts and $\frac{1}{2}$ upon 1 single Farm, which is a great Cause of the general Impoverishment of the *Bettyland* Husbandmen. Then comes a 3^d, and as grievous a Discouragement as any; for these rich Soils, by Reason of their Richness, grow Rank and Proud, and then the poor Husbandman is so plagued with *Weeds*, *Nettles*, and *Wild-Artichokes*, that none can imagine it, but they who Feel the Trouble: You shall see nothing but the gay *Poppies* that kill and burn up his profitable Harvest; and which is worst of all, the poor Farmer is left without Remedy: For in the *Northern* Parts of *Bettyland* there is no help; pull them by the *Roots*, he cannot, they are got so Deep in the Earth; let him take a Weeding-hook in his Hand, and the whole Country cries out upon him; and besides all this, *Petronius* —

Lex armata sedet circum fera limina Nuptæ.

The Stream of the Law runs quite against the Farmers, for the Law is so careful to prevent

vent Waste and Destruction, that it will not admit of gentle Pruning, for fear some of the more impatient Sort should thence take an occasion not only to injure, but confound their Farms.

Of the TEMPER of the Inhabitants.

Having thus given you a Description of the Country, it may not be amiss to shew you something of the Nature of the Inhabitants. They are generally very *amorous*, or rather universally given to *Love*; which, according to the Interpretation of some of the Sages, is as much as to say *Libidinous*: For, the Temper of *Mandrakes*, both *Male* and *Female*, is for the most part both *hot* and *moist*, which are the Principles of *Generation*, which is the principal Foundation of all *Love*; that is to say, of that which is generally reputed to be *Love*, which by another Name is called *Désire*, as hinted by the Poet,

*Nil amor est aliud Veneris quam parca voluptas,
Quæ simul expleta est infinita ora Rubor.**

For you must know, there is no *true* and *real Love* in the whole Country of *Bettyland*, and therefore there was never any *Shepherd* that loved a *Shepherdes* with that Height and

* *Love* is but another Name for the scanty and shameful Pleasure of *Venery*.

true Affection, as *Shepherds* have loved *Shepherds*; never had *Husbandman* so much *Kindness* for the richest *Farm*, the most beautiful *Prospect*, the most fruitful and most agreeable *Soil* in *Bettyland*, as *Damon* had for *Pythias*: *Theseus* never had that *Affection* for *Ariadne*, as he had for *Pirithous*. Nor shall the *Story* of *Orpheus* stand in my way, tho' he sued *Pluto* for a *Farm* which *Persephone* had taken from him: For if *Eurydice* was his *Soul*, I cannot blame him, that he followed the *Crowd* of his *Brother-Harpers* to *Hell* when she was departed: But take him how you please, *one Swallow makes no Summer*, and the *Reason* is plain; for the *Inhabitants* of *Bettyland* love one another, not out of any *true Affection*, but for the *Hopes* of *Reward* and *Self-satisfaction*; which *Reward* or *Satisfaction* decaying through *Age* or *Infirmities*, the *great Love*, which was *just now*, cools in a *Moment*, like the *Fat* of *Venison*: And therefore *Bettyland-Love* is but a *hot Degree* and *eager Pursuit* after *Pleasure*, which increases sometimes to that height, that both *Shepherds* and *Shepherdesses* seem to be *mad*; which was the reason that when *Jupiter* took away the fair *Shepherdess Europa*, out of *Terrestrial-Bettyland*, the *Poets* feigned him to be turned into a *Bull*, the most lascivious and impetuous of any *Creature* in the *Pursuit* of his *Amours*. No less did this *Fury* appear formerly in the *female Inhabitants* of *Bettyland*, while *Semiramis* raged for
the

the Embraces of her Son, and *Pasiphae* roared for the Pizzle of a *Bull*; and no question, but the Temper of that *little Spot of Ground* belonging to the Shepherds *Messalina*, still continues wearied, but not satiated, tho' it had been *plowed* and *harrowed* 25 times in 24 Hours. Were you but to behold the many Sacrifices of Lust, the many Martyrdoms of female Pastime; would but your reserved Nurses, Chamber-maids, and Apothecaries, but vouchsafe to open the Cabinets of their Breasts, how many regal Pastes, incarnating Electuaries, restoring Potions, they give in a Year; you would then soon be acquainted with the Nature of *Bettyland-Love*, which is so far from being *true Love*, that it is only a continual Practice of Surprise: The Flames of Desire, like a Candle, discovering the secret Paths and Labyrinths which the *Shepherds* and *Shepherdesses* of all Sexes, Ages, Degrees, and Humours, chuse in pursuit of their amorous Designs.

Thus we find the Love of the *Shepherds* in *Bettyland* to be more fierce, of the *Shepherdesses* to be more constant; how Youth loves wantonly, old Age ridiculously: They who are poor strive to please by Officiousness and continual Duty, the Rich oblige by Gifts, the middle Sort put their Confidence in Invitations, Fish-Dinners, and *Spring-Garden Collocations*; the nobler Sort of *Arcadians*, in *Masques* and *Operas*. The *wanton Lover* is

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all

all for obsequious Admiration, for Songs, Jest, and Tales; Jealousy makes him as melancholy as an old Cat; Despair hurries him to Revenge, to Scandal and Reproach, and many times to attempt Violence: Enjoyment makes him despise her Fondness, and as much desire another. Others are a long time before they grow warm, but being once inflamed, they spare no Cost: Jealousy makes him covetous; where he misses his Aim, he returns Contempt. *Some* pretend a world of Kindness, others dissemble and conceal their Flames, to be more beloved than they are; and *some* can love without being jealous; some are for a Merry-Wench, not regarding Beauty; *others* love a sober, others a confident Behaviour. *Some* by spending their Time altogether in the Action of Love; *others*, tho' late, when they have spent their whole Estates, return to their Senses again. With such Variety of Passions does *Bettyland* Love transport the Minds of her Inhabitants.

As for Matrimony, the true Natives of *Bettyland*, neither Male nor Female, do admire it; for the old Sages of the Country say,

*Uxorem — Rosa Cinnamomum veretur,
Quicquid quæritur optimum videtur. †*

† Nature being averse to Restraint, Men are prone to take most Delight in things which are unlawful.

And

And indeed the Fetters of Ceremony are utterly disagreeable to the frank Humour of the Inhabitants of this Country, for they being a less Sort of People, reject all Laws of Convenience, when they are repugnant to their own Appetites; and falsely mistaking the *Instinct* of Nature, for the *Law* of Nature, as idly cry out, that the *Law* of Convenience must submit to the *Law* of Nature, which makes Use of Laws of Convenience, to put a *Nil ultra* to Exorbitance; but like *Phleggus* in *Virgil*, preaching in *Hell*, with his *discite Jusitiam moniti*,—what does this grave Cosmographer do here, talking to a Company of hair-brain'd Mad-caps? Epicures, with Gad-bees in their Tails? Who following the Examples of the greatest Husbandmen and Housewives in the World, as of *Hannibal* at *Capua*, *Achilles* and *Briseis*, *Cæsar* and *Cleopatra*, *Hercules* and *Iole*, *Ladislaus* of *Poland*, *Charles VIII.* and thousands more, will never be induced to believe, that so famous and so many Husbandmen could err, nor ever be persuaded to swerve from manifold Examples, especially,

*Magnis cum subeant animos autoribus.**

And therefore a great Author, speaking of the chiefest Husbandmen in *Bettyland*, casts a

* When they improve their Notions by great Authors.

Sardonish Smile upon all those that should endeavour to work a Reformation in that Country, accounting it as ridiculous a Labour, as for *Quakers* to attempt to convert the Pope; for faith he——

*Tam levia habentur a Pudeos matrimonii jura, ut prælibito veras uxores repudiant, mutant atque permutent, filios filiasque tot Nuptiis copulant & recopulant, ut nescire rogamur ubi verum cohæreat illorum Matrimonium. **

As for that Thing called *Equality* the Husbandmen of *Bettyland* spurn it under their Feet, and call him *Bocca de porco*, who first made mention of it; for say they, if you weigh in a just Ballance, the Majesty of Masculine-Form, the Latitude of his Understanding, the Preheminence of his Original, the Power of his actual Protection, with the chiefest Perfections of the Female-Sex; what will become of that Hen-peckt *Encomium* of *Equality*? They add farther, that *Agrippa*, for his Treatise *de Præcellentia fæminei sexus*, ought to have made as public a Recantation; as he did for his Books of *Occult Philosophy*.

* The Rights of Matrimony are so lightly esteemed in *Bettyland*, that they cast off and interchange their Wives at Pleasure, and so frequently intercouple their Sons and Daughters, that 'tis hard to pronounce in what their true Wedlock consists.

If

If their Admirers object the incomparable Fabricature of that particular Part where Generation is concern'd, 'tis no more than if you should admire that most curious Piece of Nature's Workmanship, the Head of a *Fly*, which is all the while but the Head of a *Fly*.

Thus you see Opinions were always at War one with another, and it is only the Clue of Understanding, that must lead you thro' the vast Labyrinths of National-Customs. The Native *Shepherdesses* of *Bettyland* Desire *vehemently*, Love but *indifferently* and very *unconstantly*: Yet, whether they *Love*, or whether they *Hate*, they will dissemble with the most Politic *Shepherd* that ever was known in *Arcadia*.

But where they do *Love* out of *Affection* (which is very seldom) they will venture thro' *Fire* and *Water*: I have known, said *Eumolpius*, when a *Shepherd* has been cast into Prison for a Crime that deserved Death, his *Partner-Shepherdess* has procured his Escape, and been condemn'd in his stead, as the Law in some Part of *Bettyland* requires. Their Tongues are the most certain Evidence of *perpetual Motion*, if a Thing may be said to move that never lies still: And the Subjects of their Discourse, the highest Secrets in Nature. Such are the Mysteries of *Combing* and *shading* Hair, of *Washes* for their *Faces*, large Comments upon *New Gowns*; Censures upon one another's *Dressing* and *Behaviour*; Punctilio's

tillio's of *Ceremonies* when to give the *Lip*, and when to give the *Check*; Descants upon the Warmth or Coldness of their *Shepherds Affections*: When they grow Old, then they will spend their Time in telling how Handsome they were when Young. How many *Amyntas* Courted them, and how many poor *Shepherds* broke their Hearts for them: But if a *Shepherd* displease them, they will ring him such a Peal as will make his Ear tingle; but on the other side, they are very good-natured, for if you do but now and then give them a fine *Gown*, or *Petticoat*, a rich *Looking-Glass*, a Set of *Chairs*, or any such Bauble, you shall win their very Hearts: Give them but a Pearl-Neck-Lace, and count how many Pearls there be upon the String, they shall give you so many *Kisses* for them; which is a great Sign of a tender Disposition. They have an excellent Art of making Horns, at which they are very industrious, so that many of them get good Livings by it; and as for *Astrology*, there is none of your *Bookers* or *Lillies* could ever come near them; for they will tell a *Shepherd* his Fortune to a Hair's Breadth; to which purpose they will lie an Hour together, sometimes, upon their Backs, contemplating the Motions of the Stars.

Many of your *Bettyland* Shepherdesses are deeply Learned, for having nothing else to do as they sit upon the Plains, they are always reading *Cassandra*, *Cleopatra*, *Grand-Cyrus*,
Amadis

Amadis de Gaul, *Hero and Leander*, the *School of Venus*, and the rest of the Female-Classics; by which they are mightily improved both in *Præctice* and Conversation. Put them to their shifts, and they are the Best in the World, at an Intrigue or Stratagem. Ah! says the poor *Soldier* in *Patronius*, who had neglected his Duty, to comfort a disconsolate *Shepherdess*,* who had been bewailing the Death of her dear *Melibæus* for three Weeks together: “Here while I have been spending my Time to comfort Thee the most distressed *Shepherdess* in the World, they have stole the Criminal from the Cross, whom I was set to watch, and now must I be crucified for him:” But she relieved him presently; “Rather than so, (quoth she with Tears in her Eyes) here take my poor beloved *Shepherd*, and hang Him up in the other’s Place, Death makes no Distinction of Faces.”

* The *Ephesian* Matron.



ARBOR VITÆ, or the *Tree of Life*, is a succulent Plant; consisting of one straight Stem, on the Top of which is a *Pistillum*, or *Apex*, at sometimes *Glandiform* and resembling a *May-Cherry*, tho' at others, more like the *Nut* of the *Avellana* or *Filbert-Tree*.

Its *Fruits*, contrary to most others, grow near the *Root*; they are usually no more than two in *Number*, their *Bigness* somewhat exceeding that of an ordinary *Nutmeg*, both contained in one strong *Siliqua*, or *Purse*; which, together with the whole *Root* of the Plant, is commonly thick set with numerous *Fibrillæ*, or *Capillary-Tendrils*.

The *Tree* is of slow *Growth*, and requires *Time* to bring it to *Perfection*, rarely feeding to any *Purpose* before the *Fifteenth Year*; when the *Fruits* coming to good *Maturity*, yield a viscous *Juice* or balmy *Succus*, which being from *Time* to *Time* discharged at the *Pistillum*, is mostly bestowed upon the open *Calyxes* of the *Frutex Vulvaria*, or *Flowering Shrub*, usually spreading under the *Shade* of this *Tree*, and whose *Parts* are, by a wonderful *Mechanism*, adapted to receive it. The late ingenious *Mr. Richard Bradley*, Professor of *Botany* at the *University of Cambridge*, was of *Opinion*, the *Frutex* is hereby impregnated, and then first begins to bear; he therefore accounts this *Succus* the *Farina Fæcundans* of the Plant. And the learned *Leonard Fuchsius*,

in his *Historia Stirpium Insigniorum*, observes the greatest Sympathy between this Tree and Shrub: *They are, says he, of the same Genus, and do best in the same Bed; the Vulvaria itself being indeed no other than a Female Arbor Vitæ.*

It is produced in most Countries, tho' it thrives more in some than others, where it also increases to a larger Size. The Height here in *England* rarely passes nine, or eleven Inches, and that chiefly in *Kent*; whereas in *Ireland* it comes to far greater Dimensions; is so good, that many of the Natives intirely subsist upon it, and, when transplanted, have been sometimes known to raise good Houses with single Plants of this Sort.

As the *Irish-Soil* is accounted the best, so there is some as remarkably bad for its Cultivation; and the least and worst in the World are said to be about *Harborough* and the Forest of *Sberwood*.

The *Stem* seems to be of the *sensitive* Tribe, tho' herein differing from the more common *Sensitives*; that whereas they are known to shrink and retire from even the gentlest Touch of a Lady's Hand, this rises on the contrary, and extends itself, when it is so handled.

In Winter it is not easy to raise these Trees without a hot Bed; but in warmer Weather they stand well in the open Air.

In the latter Season they are subject to become weak and flaccid, and want Support; for

for which Purpose some Gardeners have thought of splintering them up with *Birchen Twigs*, which has seemed of some Service for the present, tho' the Plants have very soon come to the same, or a more drooping State than before.

The late ingenious Mr. *Motteux* thought of restoring a fine Plant he had in this Condition, by tying it up with a *Tomex*, or Cord made of the Bark of the *Vitex*, or *Hempen Tree* : But whether he made the Ligature too strait, or that the Nature of the *Vitex* is really in itself pernicious, he quite killed *his Plant* thereby ; which makes this universally condemned, as a dangerous Experiment.

Some *Virtuosi* have thought of improving their Trees for some Purposes, by taking off the *Nutmegs*, which is however a bad Way ; they never *seed* after, and are good for little more than making Whistles of, which are imported every Year from *Italy*, and sell indeed at a great Price.

Some other curious Gentlemen have endeavour'd to inoculate their Plants on the Stock of the *Medlar*, and that with a Manure of *Human Ordure*, but this has never been approved : And I have known some Trees brought to a *very ill End* by such Management.

The *Natural-Soil* is certainly best for their Propagation, and that is in hollow Places, which are warm and near salt Water, best known by their producing the same Sort of *Tendrils*.

as are observed about the Roots of the *Arbor* itself. Some Cautions however are very necessary, especially to young Botanists; and first, to be very diligent in keeping their Trees clean and neat; a pernicious Sort of Insect, not unlike a *Morpoine*, or *Cimex*, being very subject to breed amongst the *Fibrillæ*, which, if not taken away, and timely destroyed, proves often of very dangerous Consequence.

Another Caution, no less useful, we have from that excellent and judicious Botanist Mr. *Philip Miller*, to beware of a poisonous Species of *Vulvaria*, too often mistaken for the wholesome one, and which, if suffered too near our Trees, will very greatly endanger their well-being. He tells us, in his most elaborate and useful *Dictionary*, now compleated in two Volumes *Folio*, that before he had acquired his Judgment and Experience, some of his Plants have often been Sufferers thro' this Mistake; and he has seen a tall thriving Tree, by the Contact only of this venomous Shrub, become *porrose scabiose*, and covered with *fungous Excrescences* not unlike the Fruits of the *Ficus Sylvestris*; in which Case the *Succus* also has lost both its Colour and Virtue; and the Tree itself has so much partaken of the Nature of the venomous Shrub which had hurt it, that itself has become venomous, and spread the Poison through a whole Plantation.

These *Distempers* of a *Tree* of the greatest Use and Value, have employed the Labours of
of

of the most eminent Botanists and Gardeners, to seek out Remedies for them: In which, however, none have succeeded like the late celebrated Dr. *Misfaubin*, who from his profound Knowledge in Botany, has composed a most elaborate Work upon *all Things that can happen*, both to the *Arbor Vitæ* and *Vulvaria* also: Therein, he has taught a certain Cure for all these Evils; and, what is most wonderful, has even found out a Way of making the most venomous *Vulvaria* itself wholesome, which his Widow practises daily, to the Satisfaction of all who now apply to her.

These venomous *Vulvaria* are but too common in most Gardens about *London*. There are many in *St. James's Park*, and more in the celebrated Gardens at *Vaux-Hall*, over the Water.

Besides the common Name of *Arbor Vitæ*, a very learned Philosopher, and great Divine § would have it called *Arbor Scientiæ boni & mali*;* believing upon very good Grounds, this is the *Tree* which grew in the Middle of the Garden of *Eden*, and whose Fruits were so alluring to our first Mother. Others would have it called the *Mandrake* of *Leah*, persuaded it is the same whose Juice made the before-barren *Rachel* a joyful Mother of Children.

The learned *Madam Dacier*, in her Notes upon *Homer*, contends it should be called

§ Mr. RAY.

* The *Tree* of the Knowledge of Good and Evil.

Nepenthes.

Nepenthes. She gives many Reasons why it certainly is that very Plant, whose Fruits the *Egyptian* Queen recommended to *Helen*, as a certain Cure for Pain and Grief of all Sorts, and which she ever after kept by her as her most precious Jewel, and made use of as a *Panacea* upon all Occasions.

The great Dr. *Bentley* calls it, more than once, *Machaera Herculis*, having proved, out of the Fragments of a *Greek* Poet, that of this Tree was made the Club with which that Hero is said to have overcome the *fifty* wild Daughters of *Thespius*, but with Queen *Omphale* afterwards reduced to a Distaff. Others have thought the celebrated *Hesperian* Trees were of this Sort ; and the very Name of *Poma Veneris*, the Venereal-Apples, frequently given by Authors to the Fruits of this Tree, is a sufficient Proof these were really the *Apples* for which three Goddesses contended in so warm a Manner, and to which the Queen of Beauty had undoubtedly the strongest Title.

The *Virtues* are so many, a large Volume might be wrote of them. The Juice, taken inwardly, cures the Green-sickness, and other Infirmities of the like Sort, and is a true Specific in most Disorders of the Fair-Sex. It indeed often causes Tumors in the Umbilical Region; but even those, being really of no ill Consequence, disperse of themselves in a few Months.

It

It cheers the Heart, and exhilarates the Mind, quiets Jars, Feuds and Discontents, making the most churlish Tempers surprisingly kind and loving. Nor have private Persons only been the better for this reconciling Virtue, but whole Estates and Kingdoms ; nay, the greatest Empires in the World have often received the Benefit of it ; the most destructive Wars have been ended, and the most friendly Treaties been produced, by a right Application of this *Universal Medicine* among the Chiefs of the contending Parties.

If any Person is desirous to see this excellent and wonderful *Plant*, that eminent Botanist, Mr. *Philip Miller*, before mentioned, shews it in the greatest Perfection, under his own Propagation, in the Royal Physic-Garden at *Chelsea*: He calls it *The Silver-Spoon-Tree* ; and is at all times ready to oblige the Ladies with a Sight of it, and readily offers it for their Use and Behoof.



An Explanation of the Technical Abbreviations made use of in the
NEW DESCRIPTION of MERYLAND.

Page 3. line 6.	MNSVNRS,	MONS VENERIS.
— 1.	7. COXASIN,	COXA SINISTRA.
— 1.	7. COXADEXT,	COXA DEXTRA.
P. 6. l. 30.	PDX,	PODEX.
P. 7. l. 1.	CPT,	CAPUT.
P. 11. l. 7.	VSCA,	VESICA.
P. 15. l. 17.	LBA,	LABIA.
— 1.	27. CLTRS,	CLITORIS.
P. 16 .l. 2.	NMPH,	NYMPHÆ.
— 1.	15. UTRS,	UTERUS.
P. 17, l. 9.	HMN,	HYMEN.
P. 28. l. 26.	Bby,	BUBBY.
P. 29 l. 14.	PNTL,	PINTEL.

For Farther Concernment, we refer the
 Reader to Mr. BAILEY'S *Etymological
 Dictionary, Folio.*

O F T H E

SITUATION *of* BETTYLAND.

TH E Country of *Bettyland* is a *Continent* adjoining to the *Isle of Man*, having the *Island of Man* wholly under its *Jurisdiction*. It is of so large an Extent, that it spreads itself thro' All Degrees whatsoever; but the chiefeſt Degrees which are known to thoſe who travel, are from 16 to 45. both of *Southern* and *Northern* Latitude: They who ſteer by the Rules of *Compaſs* ſhall never know the Dimensions of it. The Planet which rules it, is *Venus*, though ſome aver that it lies All within the Tropic of *Capricorn*; but for that *Conſtellation* which is called *Virgo*, there are very few of the Inhabitants of this Country can endure to hear it named; they wonder what that luſty Planet the *Sun* can have to do with it.

In this vaſt Empire of *Bettyland*, there are ſeveral very large Provinces, as the Province of *Rutland*, wherein ſtands the *Metropolis* of the whole Empire called *Pego*, the great Province of *Bedford*, the wide Province of *Willſhire*, the Province of *Guelderland* very little inhabited, the Province of *Slaveonia*, the Province of *Curland*, the Province of *Mal-*

davia, famous for the great City of *Lipsick*, the vast Territory of *Croatia*, with the Province of *Holland*, a mighty Tract of Land under the Command of Count *Horn*, with many others too long to repeat. There was formerly a certain Promontory or Neck of Land lying in this Country, called the *Cape of Good-Hope*, but Time has so utterly defaced it, that there is hardly any sign thereof now remaining.

Of the SOIL of this Country.

The Temperature of the Soil is as various as you may imagine any Climate to be, that lies under so many far distant *Meridians*, sometimes so Cold (especially when it feels the refreshing Influences of Wealth and Youth decay) that Winter is more kind; nay, the very Hearts of the People will be frozen, and a Cart loaden with whole Canon may go over the streams of their former Affection, nothing but Ice of Disdain, Hail-stones of Malice, and most bitter Storms of Reproach: Sometimes so Hot again, that a Man had better be let down in a Basket at the great Hole of Mount *Ætna*, than travel in some Parts of the Country; but touch it sometimes, and you shall lose a Member: It is worse than *St. Innocents* Church-yard in *Paris*, which consumes dead carcases in twenty-four hours, for if a man make a Hole in some Part of the Mold, and put but an Inch of his Flesh in, it will raise such a Flame in his Body, as would make him think

think *Hell* to be upon *Earth*: to say truth, the Nature of the Soil is very strange, so that if a Man do but take a Piece of it in his Hand, it will cause (as it were) an immediate *Delirium*, and make a Man fall flat on his Face upon the Ground, where if he have not a care, he may chance to lose a Limb, swallowed up in a Whirl-pit, not without the Effusion of the choicest Part of the Blood: But for Tillage the Soil is so proper, and so delightful it is to manure, that be it fruitful, or be it barren, Men take the greatest Pleasure in the world to plow it and sow it; nay, there are some who take it for so great a Pastime, that they will give 1000 *l.* and some 2000 *l.* a Year for a little Spot in that Country, not so big as the Palm of your Hand. Herein it is of a different Nature from all other Soils, for though it be fertile enough, yet after you have sufficiently plowed it and sown it, it requires neither showers nor the dew of Heaven, nor puts the Husbandman to the Trouble of Prayers for the Alteration of Weather; yet if the Husbandman be not very careful to tend it and water it himself every Night, once or twice a Night, as they do *Marjoram* after Sun-set, he will find a great deal of Trouble all the Year long; tho' there be a sort of Philosophers who understand the Nature of the Soil very well, who say that this kind of Husbandry is unnatural and very inconvenient for the Soil, and that it were far better for a provident Husbandman to have Three or Four or half a do-

zen Farms one under another, than to spend so much Time, Toil and Labour altogether in vain, for thereby many times the Crop comes to nothing, and though it may be very well got off the Ground, and seem fair for the time, yet when you think to have the Benefit of it, you shall see it afterwards come to nothing, and moulder away like a rotting *Orange*. If the Soil be barren, all the Dunging in the world will never do it any good, yet the more barren it is, the more will the Soil cleave and gape for Moisture, the Sands of *Arabia* are not so thirsty; if the Soil prove fruitful, they then so overstock it with variety of Flowers and Colours, so tire out Art with Inventions to beautify Nature, that when Winter comes there is hardly a Leaf left to cover the Ground. As to the Colour of the Soil, you shall have it very much vary, for in some Places you shall meet with a Sandy Mould, which is generally very rank and very hot in its Temperature, so that it requires the greatest Labour of all to manure it; sometimes you shall light upon a kind of a *White* Chalk or marly kind of a Soil, not so difficult to manure, and besides, the Heart of the Ground will be soon eaten out; sometimes you meet with a Brown Mould, which is of two sorts, either *light* Brown, or *dark* Brown. Husbandmen generally take great delight in manuring either of these, for the Air is there generally wholesome, and not

so much annoyed with Morning and Evening
 Fogs and Vapours as the former; besides that,
 the Husbandman shall be sure to have his penny-
 worth out of them, for they will seldom lie
 fallow; take which you will, but if you meet
 with a *Black-Soil*, be sure you take short
 Leases, and sit at an easy Rent, lest your Back
 pay for the Tillage, for you must labour there
 Night and Day, and all little enough: To tell
 you the truth, chuse which of them you will,
 it is a cursed expensive thing to manure any
 of them *all* according as the Soil requires, es-
 pecially in the Northern Parts of the Country,
 where the generality of the Husbandmen seem
 to have forfeited their Discretion in this Par-
 ticular, as if the very Air of the Soil in those
 Parts had a kind of bewitching Charm to de-
 prive them of their Senses. These Soils, if they
 prove very fruitful indeed, shall sometimes
 bring you Three Crops at a time, sometimes
 Two, but generally One; a strange sort of Har-
 vest, for it consists chiefly in *Mandrakes*, they
 bring forth both *Male* and *Female*, which are
 very tender when they appear first above
 ground, and must be tended more diligently
 than *Musk-Melons* in Cold weather, but if they
 overcome their first Tenderness, they grow as
 hardy as Burdocks, and will over-run a
 Country like *Jerusalem-Artichokes*. These
Mandrakes are very much esteemed by the
 generality of Husbandmen, who do very
 much lament the Loss of their Crop, which
 many

many times miscarries after it is come out of the Earth, for it is very often blasted, and sometime (through the Carelesness of idle Husbands their Maid Servants) swept out of doors, and thrown into Houses of Office, where (though *Man's Dung* be counted the best of all Dungs) these Plants will never thrive afterwards: Those Husbandmen who delight in Gardens, find many Flowers there, growing very agreeable to the Nature of every one of the foregoing Soils; among the rest, they bear *Batchelors-Buttons* very familiarly, there is also great store of * *Love lies a bleeding*, but above all *sweet Williams*, and * *Tickle me quickly* are to be found there, in great abundance; sometimes (though very rarely here and there) you may find some few slips of *Patience*, *Flower-Gentle*, and *Hearts-ease*, but *Rue* grows up and down as thick as *Grass* in *Ireland*; there are also great quantities of *Time*, but the People of the Country slightly esteem it, and make very little use of it.

Of their FOWL, BEASTS, FISH, &c.

FOWL they have in great plenty, but above all, the most infinite flights of *Wagtails* that ever were seen in any Country in the World. *Beasts* they have none but what are Horned, except the *Hare* and *Coney*, but these are enough to stock the Country, were it as large again as it is.

* Two SONGS much in Vogue during the Reign of King *Charles II.*

There

There is but *one* great River to water the whole Land, besides two standing Pools, which they can, upon any Occasion, let out and drown all the Country, which is the Reason they have very few *Fish*, but infinite Numbers of *Crabs*; *Carps* are grown so common, they are hardly worth taking notice of, and indeed there is little Need of *Fish*, for the Husbandmen being given to Labour, have good Stomachs, and are altogether for *Flesh*.

Its PROSPECT.

The whole Country of *Bettyland* shews you a very fair Prospect, which is yet the more delightful, the more naked it lies; it makes the finest Landscapes in the World, if they be taken at the full Extent; and many of your rich Husbandmen will never be without them hanging at their Bed-sides, especially they who have no Farms of their own, merely that they may seem to enjoy what they have not: Some there are who so really believe they possess the Substance by the Sight of the Shadow, that they fall to till and manure the very Picture with such Strength of Imagination, that it is a hundred Pounds to a Penny they do not spoil it with their Instruments of Agriculture: Others never so lazy, or never so tired before, upon the Sight of one of these Landscapes, shall revive again, and go as fresh and lusty to their Labour as if they never had been weary. I could wish these Customs were
left

left off, of hanging these Landscapes by the Husbandmen's Bed-sides, for the Consequences thereof are very mischievous, seeing that it causes them to desire and covet one another's Farms with that Eagerness, as if they were in open Hostility with the *Tenth Commandment*; so that where they cannot get the Prospect itself, they will have a Landscape, and occupy one another's Estate in Conceit: In a Word, the Prospect of *Bettyland* is so grateful, so pleasing to the Eye, that the Country would be over-run with Inhabitants, hadnot wise Nature put a Stop to that Extravagancy which she foresaw in Man by the Badness of the Air, which is universally not so delicious in any Region of *Bettyland*, as it is in *Arabia Fælix*; for neither in Spring-time, which is the Season whereof we now discourse, nor in Summer-time, can the Air be very much commended, especially if the Wind be any thing high, which has made many Men admire why the Poets should be such Lyers and Sycophants to talk as they do; for some have not stuck to affirm that the Perfumes of *Bettyland* are beyond all the Odours of the East; which how true it is, I will appeal to the very Noses of the Poets themselves, who I know are as well skilled in the Country of *Bettyland* as any Husbandmen in the World; nor can any Body have the Confidence to contradict what I say, that shall stay but a Quarter of an Hour in any Place where the

Threshers

Threshers have been lately at work. This was the Reason that the Poets would never let the Gods (who were as great Farmers as ever lived in *Bettyland*) lie upon any other Beds than Beds of *Roses*, and always perfumed the Air as they went with the richest Odours they could think of: But in the Winter and Autumn Seasons there is no enduring the Country; the Prospect is not worth one Farthing; the Ways grow deep and rugged, the Land grows Barren; there is little or no Pleasure in Tilling the Ground, and the Unwholesomness of the Air increases, which is very bad for those that hold their Farms by long Leases; yet so severely are some Husbandmen tied by their Leases, especially in the Northern Parts of this Country, that there is no avoiding them; yet some there are who will, for all that, privately hire a New-Farm, perhaps such a-one where neither Spade or Dibble entered before, and then they let the old one lie fallow; wherein if they act cautiously; they may do well enough; but if the Landlord of the Old Farm come to know of it, and sue upon the Covenant of the Old Lease, God bless us! you would think Heaven and Earth were going together, you would swear all the *Lapland* Witches were exercising their Sorceries in *Bettyland*; such Storms, such Tempests, such Thunder, such Lightning, such Apparitions, enough to scare the poor Plow-jogger out of his wits: by-and-by

the Landlady enters upon the New Farm in the Devil's Name, tears down all before her, makes such a Disfigurement of the Prospect, and digs up the very Surface of the Soil itself with so much Indignation, Havock and Destruction, that you would think her to be quite raving mad; yet there shall be no *Impeachment* of Waste against her, so strictly is the Husbandman bound by the *Covenants* of his *Lease* and nonsensical *Custom of the Country*, at which time if ye chance to tell any of these *Landladies* of the *Civil-Law*, they'll presently spit in your Face.

Obstinacy of the People.

Can you change the Nature of the Soil? no more can you change the Nature of the Husbandmen, for tho' you thrust Nature back with a Fork, she will push forwards again: if they manure their Farms well, and you see the Fields full and fair, and swelling with Grain, if they make them bear their Crops in Season, what is it to you how many Farms they have, how long or how little they hold them, especially when there are so many gaping after Reversions? Were it in a Country where there are more Farmers than Farms, I grant you there were some Reason for what you say; but every Man of Reading knows that *Bettyland* is a Country where there are Ten Farms for One Farmer, and it is great pity

pity that any *Farm* should lie *fallow* for want of *manuring*. Now when one Farmer takes one Farm for Pleasure, another for Profit, that Farmer takes *two*; when another Farmer takes one Farm for Profit, another for Pleasure, and another upon good liking, he takes *three*; and so all the Farms come to be occupied: As for being *Tenants at Will*, and so leaving their Farms when they will, it is not a farthing matter, for let one Husbandman leave a Farm to Day, another will take it to Morrow; on the other side, you must consider, that tho' a Husbandman have one, two, or three Farms to himself, yet there is no Farmer in *Bettyland* can inclose his own Ground all the Year long by the *Custom of the Country*, but that, from *Lammas* to *St. Paul's-tide*, it must lie *common* for the Benefit of his Neighbours, which is allowed in Law, and is called *Common* because of Neighbourhood: nay, more than that, there is hardly a Farm in *Bettyland*, where there is not some Ground that lies *common all the Year long*; so that if the poor Husbandman had not some private Inclosures to rely on, his Case were the worst Case of all the Cases in the world: to say truth, there is so much *Common* in *Bettyland*, that a Husbandman is not to be blamed to get as much Inclosure as he can: and more than this, when the Ground begins once to lie *common*, it receives all the Beasts in Nature, not excepting

cepting *Swine*, *Geese* and *Goats*, which all other Commons admit not of.

GAME of the Country.

The whole Country of *Bettyland* lies very low, which is the reason that there is hardly a Farm in any Part of it without a *Decoy*; nor is the Cunning of the *Decoy-Ducks* less notorious, for they exceed all other *Decoy-Ducks* in Wiles and Subtilty. There is not a *Widgeon* in all the Country but has a *Decoy-Duck* to wait upon him, and they lay their Trains so artfully, that it is impossible to escape them; and as they are very cunning, so they are very cruel, for they never get a *Gull* into their *Decoy*, but they pull off all his Feathers: these *Decoys* are some of them Natural, some Artificial; there is not a pin to chuse betwixt them, for they are both plaguy devouring things, and clear all the Country before them, of whatever Game they seek after. *Orpheus* in his *Argonautics*, speaking of a great *Decoy-Duck* in his time (which the People of *Bettyland* called by the name of *CIRCE*) says that she was so curiously set out ἐκ δαρχα πάντες ἀμβροτον εἰσπορώντες. That all Men admired her that beheld her, and were so stupified with the sight of her Gaiety that they could make no Resistance against her; for, adds the same Author, ἀπὸ κράτος γὰρ εἰδείρα — πορσαῖς ἀκτινεῖν ἀλγχιόι ἠώρητο, her Golden Feathers shone like the Sun-beams. Nor do they cry

cry like other *Ducks*, for they have most delicate Voices, and can sing far beyond any *Nightingales*.

There is no Country in the world that has *Decoy-Ducks* like *Bettyland*, being a Rarity no where else to be found: were there not so many of them, you would verily take them to be *Phœnixes*, for they are many times burnt in their own Nests. This *Decoy-Duck* called *CIRCE* had like to have spoiled us *two* of the best Stories we have extant; *Homer's ULYSSES*, and *Virgil's ÆNEAS*, for this very *Duck* had like to have drawn the two great *Heroes* of the world, *Ulysses* and *Æneas*, into the *Decoys* of *Bettyland*, to the ruin of all the Projects of the very *GODS* themselves.

There was another *Decoy-Duck* no less famous than the former, which was called *ME-DEA*, a damn'd mischievous *Bird*, tho' for the Beauty of her Wings said to be the *SUN'S Grand-child*: for whatever Game she gets into her *Decoy*, she utterly ruins; and therefore *Nicander*, a great Farmer in *Bettyland*, and the High-Constable's Fellow for Knowledge of the Country gives his Fellow-Husbandmen very good Caution, for saith he——

"Ἦν δὲ τὸ Μνδεῖνς Κολχιδὸς ἐκδόμενον πῦρ---
If a poor Husbandman comes to be trapped into one of her *Decoys*,

————— ἔ παρα χεῖλη —————
Δευομένη δυσάλυκτος ἰάπταται ἐνδοθι κρέβυς--
the

the poor Widgeon had better a thousand times have fallen into the Poulterer's hands.

From these two famous *Decoy-Ducks*, have the whole Brood of *Bettyland* learnt all their Wiles and cunning Tricks, and if any thing of Nature be wanting, they have all their Knick-knacks, all their Postures, Gestures, Trickings and Trimmings imaginable to help Nature; for they know as well as can be, how weakly those Avenues to the Understanding (the *Eyes* and *Ears*) are guarded, and therefore they chiefly lay their Trains there: if they see a *Widgeon* or a *Gull* pass by, they will spread their Tails like so many *Peacocks*, and set the poor silly *Birds* a staring like so many Country Bumpkins at a Coronation. By-and-by comes a Flight of *Dotterels*, and then they set up their Throats and sing; and sing and fly, and fly and sing; so that the *foolish-Fowl*, bewitcht with their *Quail-pipes*, follow their *Bird-calls* to whatever Inconveniences they are minded to carry them into. Some are of opinion, that it is an easy thing to avoid these *Decoys*: but how can that be, when we find that both *Ulysses* and *Æneas* were forced to have some GOD or other always tied to their Tails to keep them out of harm's way? Some there are indeed, who by dint of main Prudence escape the Danger, but for one of these there are a thousand others who have nothing but their dear-bought Experience to preserve them: And for one of these, Ten Thousand
more

more that will suffer themselves to be *Decoyed* twenty times over, till they have not one Feather to cover their Tails ; for the Nature of these *Decoys* is such, that tho' they feed a simple Husbandman (who all the while neglects the manuring of his Own Farm) with such Pleasure and Content, yet they consume and waste both Body and Purse most desperately and insensibly : desperately, because injurably ; insensibly, because the silly Husbandman, wallowing in present Delight, neither consults or minds approaching Misfortune : yet if a *Gull* or a *Dotterel*, or a *Widgeon*, have a mind to be revenged upon a *Decoy-Duck* that has been too cunning for him, there is a way to do it, by setting another *Decoy-Duck* upon Her.

Thus when the *Decoy-Duck Medea* would have *Decoyed* the greatest Farmer in all *Bettyland* (even *Jupiter* himself) *Juno*, who was *Jupiter's Decoy-Duck*, took and wrung off her Neck; and surely *Juno* served her well enough for a proud Quinsirel as she was, that spent all the morning in laying her Nets, if we may believe *Apollonius Rhodius*, another great Farmer in *Bettyland*, who describes her,

— αλος νομισενι καρη εμπαιδρον εσαν.

Trimming and pruning her Feathers by the Seaside, that is to say, sitting before a great Looking-Glass in her Smock-sleeves, with her Hair dishevelled, and her Neck and Breasts bare, expecting the coming of the great Farmer

Farmer *Jupiter*; but *Juno* prevented them both, as you have heard: so much for the Decoys of *Bettyland*.

Of the ANTIQUITY of this Country.

For the Antiquity of the Country we need not go far to search it out: no sooner was there any Light delivered to the World by Letters, but the first Discovery which was made, was that of *Bettyland*: what it was before may be easily conjectured, but in the time of the *Greek* and *Roman* POETS, it was a flourishing Kingdom even in Heaven it self, containing all that large Tract which was in *Greek* called *Οὐρανός*: nay, even *Cælus* himself, from whom Heaven was called *Cælum*, was a Farmer in that Country, and so great a Husbandman, so great and so industrious a Manurer of his Farms, that *Orpheus* calls him *Οὐρανὸν παργενέτωρα*, *universal Propagater*: And by the *Latin* Poet he is said

————— *Fæcundis Imbribus*
Conjugis in Gremium lætæ descendere. *

And how he stockt the World with *Mandrakes*, you may easily read in *Hesiod*, who in his *Theogony* wrote of the *Celestial Agriculture*, as *Markham* among us wrote of *Terrestrial Husbandry*.

Saturn also was a great Husbandman in the *Celestial Part* of *Bettyland*, and because he

* To drop down into the Lap of his transported Consort, in prolific Showers:

lived upon his Means, was therefore said to eat his Own Children: But for *Jupiter*, he was certainly the greatest Husbandman that ever was in the whole World, for he had Farms in both *Bettylands*, and was so industrious and so indefatigable in Manuring and Tilling them, that he left no Stone unturned of which he could make any Advantage: And therefore *Aratus*, who was a kind of an Almanack Maker to the Celestial Farmers, says of him with a great deal of Flattery, —
 μεταί δὲ Δίος πασαί μιν ἀγῆαι, Πασαί δ' αἰ-
 δρώπων ἀγοραί μισὴ δὲ θαλάσσα—καὶ λιμένες,
 so that there was not a public High-way, not a Market-place in all the Country which he left unploughed: Nay, the very *Sea, Rivers* and *Lakes* were full of his Husbandry; by that you may guess that he left a great Stock behind him. The same Poet seems also to intimate that he was the Founder (as much as we say *Jupiter* was the first Husbandman in the World) of *Bettyland*, as *Nimrod* was the Founder of the *Babylonish* Empire; for saith he in the beginning of his Poem, a *Jove Principium*. *Apollonius* gives us a notable Character of him:

Κεῖνω γὰρ αἰεὶ ταβέ ἔργα μέμνηεν

Ἡ' σὺν ἀθανάταις ἢ δὲ θεῶσιν ἰδνεῖν.

He had at all times a Regard to the Happiness as well of the Mortal as the Immortal. He was so great a Husbandman that there was not a *Farm* either in the Terrestrial or

D Celestial

Celestial *Bettyland*, but he would be thrusting his *Spade* into it; to tell the Truth, all the Poets Fables concur to shew you the Original, Increase, and vast Extent of the Country of *Bettyland*; such are the Stories of *Cælus*, *Jupiter*, *Saturn*, *Venus*, *Priapus*, *Adonis*, *Bacchus*, *Aristius*, (too long to repeat) all great Husbandmen, who kept their Ploughs going Day and Night. As to the Terrestrial *Bettyland*, what think you of that most applauded Farmer *Hercules*? who so many Ages ago Ploughed and Sowed 50 large Farms in one Night: what Havock, what Killing and Slaying of the poor *Grecians*, what a Destruction of Unhappy *Troy*, and all for one unhappy Farm * belonging to that City *Menelaus* laid Claim to! What think ye of *Demosthenes*, who so many Years since gave for the Possession of a small Farm, lying about *Athens*, only for one Night, as *Gellius* records, above Three Hundred Pounds.

In what a flourishing Condition was the Country of *Bettyland* in the time of *Menander*, *Aristophanes*, *Anacreon*, *Plautus*, *Terence*, *Tibullus*, *Ovid*, *Martial*, and *Petronius*, who all wrote of the Husbandry and Tillage of their Times? In the Infancy of the World, *Priapus* had so Ingrossed all the Farms in the Country *Lampsacus*, a Fair Territory of *Bettyland*, by Reason of the unusual Activity, Largeness and Strength of his *Plough*, that

* H E L E N.

the

the Countrymen conspired against him for Monopolizing their Livings. I might insist longer upon the Antiquity of *Bettyland*, but that I am apt to believe there is no Man so simple to question it. They may as well deny the *Sun*, who was no sooner made, but he fell to Tilling and Cultivating the vast and most Immense Fields of Nature; for the whole Region of *Bettyland* holds of Nature as her chief Sovereign and Empress, and the *Sun* as her sole Steward to gather her Quit-Rents, provide Tenants, and lett Livings; and therefore if you come to any Farmer in *Bettyland*, and ask him how he came to take such Affection to the Husbandry of that Country, he will make Answer presently, it is natural to him: And for any Soil to bear that Seed which is proper for it, That all the World knows to be Natural. Now as to the Force of Nature's Impulse, I shall say more when I come to the Religion of the Country. Seeing then it is the Impulse of Nature that moves the Husbandmen of *Bettyland* to take upon them that Toil and Labour which they undergo Night and Day, should they be blamed for what they cannot avoid? rather there ought a way to be found out for the Encouragement of these Moilers and Toilers; for tho' all Men are prone to be Drudges in *Bettyland*, yet the Husbandry of the Country is quite out of Order; there is no Method at all observed amongst them; a most won-

derful Thing, that in so vast a Country and so long Continuance, there never yet was found any Region wherein the Husbandry of *Bettyland* was so exactly ordered, as in that small Part of it which was once called *Centilepa*, for it is observed in that Part of *Bettyland*, the Price of Farms ran always very low; the only Way to restore the Decay of *Bettyland* Husbandry; therefore we read of one very rich Farmer there, who bought a very fair Farm in that Country for 30 Changes of Raiment, and of another great Farmer who bought a Royal-Farm in the same Place for 100 Fore-skins; a very inconsiderable Price, considering what poor Farmers are forced to give now a-days.

The Druids in the Island of *Britannia*, a very large Part of *Bettyland*, aimed at this very thing when they Entailed their Lands upon their *Male-Mandrakes*; had they Entailed their Substance in Money as well as in Land, they had hit the Mark: It is admirable, that in a Country of so much Freedom as *Bettyland* is, and Governed by Constitutions so far different from other Countries, Landlords should be so egregiously led astray, to give such vast Sums of Money to put off their Farms, though ever so Fruitful, or ever so Flourishing: For the *Muck* of Portions, though it be spread ever so thick upon a *Bettyland* Farm, avails nothing to the Fertility thereof; rather it is the greatest Inconvenience in the
World

World to a *Bettyland* Farmer, for he understanding that there lies a *Silver* or a *Gold-Mine* in such a Farm, or such an *Hesperian-Orchard* is laden with *Golden Apples*, will have at them by Hook or by Crook, let them be watched ever so carefully by those *She-Dragons* called *Boarding-School-Mistresses*; besides that, if they had 1000 Eyes, there is a Way to lay those *She-Argus's* asleep: And when all comes to all, neither *Orchat* nor Farm are agreeable to his Mind, or fit for Tillage; nay, many times the Ground proves Barren, Marthy, Unwholsome, Rank, and Mountainous; so that there is no Profit nor Pleasure in Manuring or Dressing it: Whereas if those Allurements lay not before the Eyes of the Husbandman, he would chuse the most Delightful Prospects, the most fruitful Soils; and the Substance of the Country being contracted into the Hands of the Husbandmen only, would make the Farmers more able to maintain their Husbandry; then you should hear none of those common Complaints of Landlords, by Reason of their Farms lying upon their Hands; nay, you should not see an indifferent Farm in all the Country of *Bettyland* lie waste and ruinous for want of Tillage; Whereas now how many fair delicate fruitful Soils lie fallow? How many beautiful Orchats lie undrest, because they either want *Silver-Mines*, or are not laden with *Golden-Apples*. Another great Discouragement to
the

the Husbandry of *Bettyland* is this, that the extreme Folly of the Husbandmen themselves is not some way restrained; for they having obtained a rich Farm, doat upon it with so much Vanity, that they spend more Labour and Cost upon one Farm, than would serve to maintain 40 good Farms in full Heart: so that divide a Farmer's whole Substance in 6 Parts, he shall waste and consume 5 Parts and $\frac{1}{2}$ upon 1 single Farm, which is a great Cause of the general Impoverishment of the *Bettyland* Husbandmen. Then comes a 3^d, and as grievous a Discouragement as any; for these rich Soils, by Reason of their Richness, grow Rank and Proud, and then the poor Husbandman is so plagued with *Weeds*, *Nettles*, and *Wild-Artichokes*, that none can imagine it, but they who Feel the Trouble: You shall see nothing but the gay *Poppies* that kill and burn up his profitable Harvest; and which is worst of all, the poor Farmer is left without Remedy: For in the *Northern* Parts of *Bettyland* there is no help; pull them by the *Roots*, he cannot, they are got so Deep in the Earth; let him take a Weeding-hook in his Hand, and the whole Country cries out upon him; and besides all this, *Petronius* —

Lex armata sedet circum fera limina Nuptæ.

The Stream of the Law runs quite against the Farmers, for the Law is so careful to prevent

vent Waste and Destruction, that it will not admit of gentle Pruning, for fear some of the more impatient Sort should thence take an occasion not only to injure, but confound their Farms.

Of the TEMPER of the Inhabitants.

Having thus given you a Description of the Country, it may not be amiss to shew you something of the Nature of the Inhabitants. They are generally very *amorous*, or rather universally given to *Love*; which, according to the Interpretation of some of the Sages, is as much as to say *Libidinous*: For, the Temper of *Mandrakes*, both *Male* and *Female*, is for the most part both *hot* and *moist*, which are the Principles of *Generation*, which is the principal Foundation of all *Love*; that is to say, of that which is generally reputed to be *Love*, which by another Name is called *Desire*, as hinted by the Poet,

*Nil amor est aliud Veneris quam parca voluptas,
Quæ simul expleta est infinita ora Rubor.**

For you must know, there is no *true* and *real Love* in the whole Country of *Bettyland*, and therefore there was never any *Shepherd* that loved a *Shepherdess* with that Height and

* *Love* is but another Name for the scanty and shameful Pleasure of *Venery*.

true Affection, as *Shepherds* have loved *Shepherds*; never had *Husbandman* so much *Kindness* for the richest *Farm*, the most beautiful *Prospect*, the most fruitful and most agreeable *Soil* in *Bettyland*, as *Damon* had for *Pythias*: *Theseus* never had that *Affection* for *Ariadne*, as he had for *Pirithous*. Nor shall the *Story* of *Orpheus* stand in my way, tho' he sued *Pluto* for a *Farm* which *Persephone* had taken from him: For if *Eurydice* was his *Soul*, I cannot blame him, that he followed the *Crowd* of his *Brother-Harpers* to *Hell* when she was departed: But take him how you please, *one Swallow makes no Summer*, and the *Reason* is plain; for the *Inhabitants* of *Bettyland* love one another, not out of any *true Affection*, but for the *Hopes* of *Reward* and *Self-satisfaction*; which *Reward* or *Satisfaction* decaying through *Age* or *Infirmities*, the great *Love*, which was just now, cools in a *Moment*, like the *Fat* of *Venison*: And therefore *Bettyland-Love* is but a *hot Degree* and *eager Pursuit* after *Pleasure*, which increases sometimes to that height, that both *Shepherds* and *Shepherdesses* seem to be mad; which was the reason that when *Jupiter* took away the fair *Shepherdes* *Europa*, out of *Terrestrial-Bettyland*, the *Poets* feigned him to be turned into a *Bull*, the most lascivious and impetuous of any *Creature* in the *Pursuit* of his *Amours*. No less did this *Fury* appear formerly in the *female Inhabitants* of *Bettyland*, while *Semiramis* raged for
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the Embraces of her Son, and *Pasiphae* roared for the Pizzle of a *Bull*; and no question, but the Temper of that *little Spot of Ground* belonging to the *Shepherdes Messalina*, still continues wearied, but not satiated, tho' it had been *plowed* and *harrowed* 25 times in 24 Hours. Were you but to behold the many Sacrifices of Lust, the many Martyrdoms of female Pastime; would but your reserved Nurses, Chamber-maids, and Apothecaries, but vouchsafe to open the Cabinets of their Breasts, how many regal Pastes, incarnating Electuaries, restoring Potions, they give in a Year; you would then soon be acquainted with the Nature of *Bettyland-Love*, which is so far from being *true Love*, that it is only a continual Practice of Surprise: The Flames of Desire, like a Candle, discovering the secret Paths and Labyrinths which the *Shepherds* and *Shepherdesses* of all Sexes, Ages, Degrees, and Humours, chuse in pursuit of their amorous Designs.

Thus we find the Love of the *Shepherds* in *Bettyland* to be more fierce, of the *Shepherdesses* to be more constant; how Youth loves wantonly, old Age ridiculously: They who are poor strive to please by Officiousness and continual Duty, the Rich oblige by Gifts, the middle Sort put their Confidence in Invitations, Fish-Dinners, and *Spring-Garden* Collations; the nobler Sort of *Arcadians*, in *Masques* and *Operas*. The wanton Lover is

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all for obsequious Admiration, for Songs, Jest, and Tales; Jealousy makes him as melancholy as an old Cat; Despair hurries him to Revenge, to Scandal and Reproach, and many times to attempt Violence: Enjoyment makes him despise her Fondness, and as much desire another. Others are a long time before they grow warm, but being once inflamed, they spare no Cost: Jealousy makes him covetous; where he misses his Aim, he returns Contempt. *Some* pretend a world of Kindness, others dissemble and conceal their Flames, to be more beloved than they are; and *some* can love without being jealous; some are for a Merry-Wench, not regarding Beauty; *others* love a sober, others a confident Behaviour. *Some* by spending their Time altogether in the Action of Love; *others*, tho' late, when they have spent their whole Estates, return to their Senses again. With such Variety of Passions does *Bettyland* Love transport the Minds of her Inhabitants.

As for Matrimony, the true Natives of *Bettyland*, neither Male nor Female, do admire it; for the old Sages of the Country say,

*Uxorem — Rosa Cinnamomum veretur,
Quicquid quæritur optimum videtur. †*

† Nature being averse to Restraint, Men are prone to take most Delight in things which are unlawful.

And

And indeed the Fetters of Ceremony are utterly disagreeable to the frank Humour of the Inhabitants of this Country, for they being a less Sort of People, reject all Laws of Convenience, when they are repugnant to their own Appetites; and falsely mistaking the *Instinct* of Nature, for the *Law* of Nature, as idly cry out, that the *Law* of Convenience must submit to the *Law* of Nature, which makes Use of Laws of Convenience, to put a *Nil ultra* to Exorbitance; but like *Phleggus* in *Virgil*, preaching in *Hell*, with his *discite Jusitiam moniti*,—what does this grave Cosmographer do here, talking to a Company of hair-brain'd Mad-caps? Epicures, with Gad-bees in their Tails? Who following the Examples of the greatest Husbandmen and Housewives in the World, as of *Hannibal* at *Capua*, *Achilles* and *Briseis*, *Cæsar* and *Cleopatra*, *Hercules* and *Iole*, *Ladislaus* of *Poland*, *Charles VIII.* and thousands more, will never be induced to believe, that so famous and so many Husbandmen could err, nor ever be persuaded to swerve from manifold Examples, especially,

*Magnis cum subeant animos autoribus.**

And therefore a great Author, speaking of the chiefest Husbandmen in *Bettyland*, casts a

* When they improve their Notions by great Authors.

Sardonish Smile upon all those that should endeavour to work a Reformation in that Country, accounting it as ridiculous a Labour, as for *Quakers* to attempt to convert the Pope; for saith he——

*Tam levia habentur a Pudeos matrimonii jura, ut prælibito veras uxores repudiant, mutant atque permutent, filios filiasque tot Nuptiis copulant & recopulant, ut nescire rogamur ubi verum cohæreat illorum Matrimonium. **

As for that Thing called *Equality* the Husbandmen of *Bettyland* spurn it under their Feet, and call him *Bocca de porco*, who first made mention of it; for say they, if you weigh in a just Ballance, the Majesty of Masculine-Form, the Latitude of his Understanding, the Preheminence of his Original, the Power of his actual Protection, with the chiefest Perfections of the Female-Sex; what will become of that Hen-peckt *Enconium* of *Equality*? They add farther, that *Agrippa*, for his Treatise *de Præcellentia fæminei sexus*, ought to have made as public a Recantation, as he did for his Books of *Occult Philosophy*.

* The Rights of Matrimony are so lightly esteemed in *Bettyland*, that they cast off and interchange their Wives at Pleasure, and so frequently intercouple their Sons and Daughters, that 'tis hard to pronounce in what their true Wedlock consists.

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If their Admirers object the incomparable Fabricature of that particular Part where Generation is concern'd, 'tis no more than if you should admire that most curious Piece of Nature's Workmanship, the Head of a *Fly*, which is all the while but the Head of a *Fly*.

Thus you see Opinions were always at War one with another, and it is only the Clue of Understanding, that must lead you thro' the vast Labyrinths of National-Customs. The Native *Shepherdesses* of *Bettyland* Desire *vehemently*, Love but *indifferently* and very *unconstantly*: Yet, whether they *Love*, or whether they *Hate*, they will dissemble with the most Politic *Shepherd* that ever was known in *Arcadia*.

But where they do *Love* out of *Affection* (which is very seldom) they will venture thro' *Fire* and *Water*: I have known, said *Eumolpius*, when a *Shepherd* has been cast into Prison for a Crime that deserved Death, his *Partner-Shepherdes* has procured his Escape, and been condemn'd in his stead, as the Law in some Part of *Bettyland* requires. Their Tongues are the most certain Evidence of *perpetual Motion*, if a Thing may be said to move that never lies still: And the Subjects of their Discourse, the highest Secrets in Nature. Such are the Mysteries of *Combing* and *shading* Hair, of *Washes* for their *Faces*, large Comments upon *New Gowns*; Censures upon one another's *Dressing* and *Behaviour*; Punctilio's

tillio's of *Ceremonies* when to give the *Lip*, and when to give the *Cheek* ; Descants upon the Warmth or Coldness of their *Shepherds Affections* : When they grow Old, then they will spend their Time in telling how Handsome they were when Young. How many *Amyn-tas* Courted them, and how many poor *Shepherds* broke their Hearts for them : But if a *Shepherd* displease them, they will ring him such a Peal as will make his Ear tingle ; but on the other side, they are very good-natured, for if you do but now and then give them a fine *Gown*, or *Petticoat*, a rich *Looking-Glass*, a Set of *Chairs*, or any such Bauble, you shall win their very Hearts : Give them but a Pearl-Neck-Lace, and count how many Pearls there be upon the String, they shall give you so many *Kisses* for them ; which is a great Sign of a tender Disposition. They have an excellent Art of making Horns, at which they are very industrious, so that many of them get good Livings by it ; and as for *Astrology*, there is none of your *Bookers* or *Lillies* could ever come near them ; for they will tell a *Shepherd* his Fortune to a Hair's Breadth ; to which purpose they will lie an Hour together, sometimes, upon their Backs, contemplating the Motions of the Stars.

Many of your *Bettyland* Shepherdesses are deeply Learned, for having nothing else to do as they sit upon the Plains, they are always reading *Cassandra*, *Cleopatra*, *Grand-Cyrus*,
Amadis

Amadis de Gaul, Hero and Leander, the School of Venus, and the rest of the Female-Classics; by which they are mightily improved both in Practice and Conversation. Put them to their shifts, and they are the Best in the World, at an Intrigue or Stratagem. Ah! says the poor Soldier in Patronius, who had neglected his Duty, to comfort a disconsolate Shepherdess, who had been bewailing the Death of her dear Melibæus for three Weeks together: "Here while I have been spending my Time to comfort Thee the most distressed Shepherdess in the World, they have stole the Criminal from the Cross, whom I was set to watch, and now must I be crucified for him:" But she relieved him presently; "Rather than so, (quoth she with Tears in her Eyes) here take my poor beloved Shepherd, and hang Him up in the other's Place, Death makes no Distinction of Faces."*

* The *Ephesian* Matron.



